PLUMBERS & CARPENTERS SHOULD SEE PAGE 834

PLUMTREE'S HOME POTTED MEATS.
Excellent Quality. Delicious Flavour.
Highly Nutritious
Can be had from most Grocers, or send 7d. or 1/3 for Sample Jar and name of Local Agent in your district, to PLUMTREE, Railway Street, SOUTHPORT.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

6d. Bottle makes 8 Gallons non-intoxicating Beer.
IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

No. 518.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Refreshing—Nourishing—Sustaining.
CADBURY'S COCOA
ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.
THE LANCET (May 27th, 1899) says: "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."
Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in Packets and Tins), as other Cocoas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.
THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.
This pure manufacture has been used far and wide upwards of 50 years for making the sweetest Bread, Cakes and Pastry.
It is packed in Bottles, for India and hot climates, and will keep for years in perfect condition.
NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

Hudson's Soap
For Washing Clothes
Used in all the "Happy Homes of England"

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing—
"The Praises of Bird's Custard Powder.
Will make the whole world ring."

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
Makes a perfect High-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomées of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET
BIRD'S CUSTARD is unrivalled for Nutriment and Delicacy of Flavour. It is the ONE THING NEEDED with all Fresh, Stewed, or Tinned Fruits. Rich, Creamlike, and Wholesome, and will never disagree.

NOW IN THREE STRENGTHS
MILD, MEDIUM, & FULL.
GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.
In 1, 2, & 4oz. TINS, secured by patent band.

NESTLE'S MILK
ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE RICHEST IN CREAM.

USED THE SAME AS FRESH MILK FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Babies, Children, Breakfast, Tea, Puddings, Shapes, Invalids, &c., &c.

THE ROYAL 4D. MAGAZINE

KAPUTINE THE SAFE REMEDY FOR **HEADACHE**

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample. KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.

GOOD CYCLES SHOULD AND CHEAP ONES MUST HAVE

CLINCHER TYRES
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CLINCHER TYRES

Bartlett's Patent. The first Detachable Pneumatic Tyre invented.

The CLINCHER "A" WON Tyres are perfect in every detail of quality and manufacture. The best that money can buy.

The CLINCHER "B" Tyres on hollow rims. Unique combination of Low Price & High Quality.

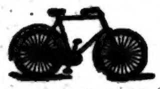
CLINCHER ROUTE BOOK, with Map. Every Route in England and Wales. Price 1/-, by post, 1/3.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD.,
57 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.

DON'T LET MOTHS RUIN YOUR FURS OR BLANKETS
KEATING'S POWDER PRESERVES THEM.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS
Tins 3d. 6d. & 1/-

DAILY SEA TRIPS FROM LONDON BY NEW PALACE STEAMERS, "LA MARGUERITE," "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" and "KOH-I-NOOR," TO SOUTHEND, MARGATE, RAMSGATE, OSTEND and BOULOGNE.
T. E. BARLOW, Director, 50 King William Street, E.C.



CYCLES.
BARGAINS.—1,500 Machines, new and second hand, from 30s. each; agents wanted; wholesale list free any address.
WARRELOW & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,
For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.
SHILLING BOTTLES.

GIVEN FREE
2 WHITE SHIRTS (Dress or Day),
2 WOOLLEN SHIRTS,
2 OXFORD SHIRTS.
UNTIL JUNE 23rd, ONLY.

WE WILL PRESENT, free of any extra charge whatever, 2 White Shirts (dress or day), or 2 Woollen Shirts, or 2 Oxford Shirts to every purchaser of one of our Famous West-end Suits at 27s. 6d., or 32s. 6d to measure, in all the new cloths, including the highly fashionable Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Vicunas, Khakis, Cashmeres, &c., &c. We guarantee these Shirts to be the newest shape and linen-fitted, and our Suits are pronounced to be quite the smartest in town. Should any of our customers be dissatisfied with their goods we guarantee to refund the money. Patterns (together with self-measurement forms) post free to any address on receipt of post-card. Our patterns need not be returned. *It is to be distinctly understood that the* **Shirts** *are a* **Gift Absolutely**, *and intended as an advertisement for our West-end clothing.*
W. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd., 3 Oxford Street, London, W. (Corner of Charing Cross Road.) HOURS, 9 to 8. SAT., to 6 p.m. And at 20 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY
AT A SHOP. WE SUPPLY SHOPKEEPERS.
2d. IN THE SHILLING DISCOUNT
May be deducted for Cash. Send at once for our Large Illustrated Catalogue (free), 2,000 engravings of
WATCHES.
Every possible kind for Gents, Ladies, Youths, and everybody. Our speciality is Reliable Watches. See Illustrations in Catalogue. Also 1,000 designs of
JEWELLERY,
Gold and Silver Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Chains, Scent Bottles, Fruit Knives, Silver Plate, Silver Knick-Knacks &c., &c. Also
ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, CLOCKS, LEATHER AND OPTICAL GOODS.
Money returned if goods not approved.
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., 121 TO 125 BRISTOL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

EVERY MAN
SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable pamphlet explaining how all nervous and organic derangements may be successfully treated. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.
P. W. NORTON, 59 & 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. Established Thirty Years.

BEDSTEADS Of Every Description
DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY.
Large Stock. Quick Delivery.
BEDDING, Spring Mattresses, *COTS, ETC.*
Latest Designs and Improvements.

Established 1880.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS giving full details POST FREE.
Please cut this Advt. out for future reference and mention paper.
Carriage Paid. Packed Free. Discount for Cash.
CHARLES RILEY, Albert St., Birmingham.

VARICOCELE
Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps.
P. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

CYCLES,
10/-, 12/6, 15/- Mo... Ladies' Gentlemen's ... niles'. Guarantor ... Special Prices for ... Free Wheels & Rim B... Riding Schools, ope... Course, 10/6; Singl... Lists post free.—5... Blackfriars Road, 124 King's Road, S... Square, S.W.
CYCLEDOM LIMITE...

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST,
And 164, 166 & 170, Regent Street, London, W.
IRISH DAMASK
(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2yd. square, 2/6; 2½ by 3yd., ... Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 10/6 per doz. Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

Surplice Linen, 7d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths 4/9 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens & Linen Diaper, 8½d. per yd. Strong Huckaback Towels, 5/6 per doz.

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.
Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent Direct to Belfast.

FITS CURED.
From the first dose of Ozerine fits cease. It has cured, permanently, the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Send for a free sample bottle and test it. Write to Dept. X. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25 High Street, Belfast.

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.
CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.
NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.
The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

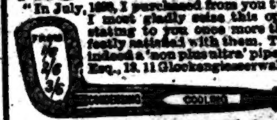
Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon.	Price only	6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	18/6

Cut this out and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.
Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the Finest Instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."
All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1899-1900 just out. 100,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate GLASGOW. Established 50 years.

"IBIS"
Ease soon as applied.
Bottles, 7½d. & 1/1½, Chemists.
"WHITE ASH" TOOTH POWDER for Natural and False Teeth. Boxes 6d. All Chemists, EITHER, post free from A. ROBINSON, L.D.S., Dentist, 20 Seymour St., Liverpool. Free Sample "White Ash" post free.

What Experienced Smokers say of
The "MASTA" Pipe
"In July, 1898, I purchased from you two pipes, and I most gladly seize this opportunity of stating to you once more that I am perfectly satisfied with them. The 'Masta' is indeed a 'non plus ultra' pipe. W. WAIBEL, Esq., 13, 11 Glockengiesserwall, Hamburg."



ALL TOBACCONISTS.

List Free from "MASTA" P. P. Co., Dept. 2, 153 FLEET STREET, LONDON.

JUNO CYCLES FOR LADIES & GENTS THE VERY BEST. FREE OR FIXED WHEELS.
Carriage Paid. Discount for Cash.

Monthly
£9 10s. 14/3
£11 ... 16/6
£12 ... 18/-
£13 10s. 20/-
£14 14s. 22/6

Write for New Season's List.

Road Racer ... £10 ... Monthly. Light Roadster, £10 10s. ... Monthly. JUNO Cycles & Accessories (over 100 pages) sent Post Free. Scorcher Brake, 1/-. ... Cyclometer, 10,000 m., 1/10. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD., Juno Cycle School and Works, 75, 76 Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

"DON'T BUY A PIG IN A POKE,"

And don't buy a Watch before you have examined and tested it. Satisfy yourself of its value before you part with your money.

50/-

Don't send more than 5/- to start with, J. G. Graves will then forward his world renowned success
The "Express" English Lever, £2. 10s. 0d.
Guaranteed British manufacture throughout, and Warranted for Seven Years. It contains all the most Modern Improvements, and is fitted with Massive Sterling Silver Cases.
If you are satisfied with the Watch, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5/-. If you are not satisfied, return the Watch, and your deposit will be instantly refunded. No "buying a pig in a poke." You are absolutely satisfied or you do not part with a copper.
The Largest Watch Sales Firm in the world.
Send for J. G. Graves' Large Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Electro-Silver Plate, Cutlery, &c., &c. Sent Free and Carriage Paid on receipt of postcard.
Do you want to increase your income? J. G. Graves is offering good terms for the introduction of customers. Write for particulars.
J. G. GRAVES, Dept. 23, Division St., SHEFFIELD.

THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor
The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed by thousands of testimonials. The "Mab" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

.. PRICE ..
Black Handle .. 2/6
Ivory " .. 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6

Sent Post free same day as ordered.
"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.

CROSSLEY'S
LEMONELLE.
THE KING OF SUMMER DRINKS.
Delicious and Refreshing! A Flavour all its Own!

Prepared by a new process from the finest selected limes and lemons, retaining the full rich fragrance of the fresh ripe fruit. No more exquisite flavour than that of this orignal combination could be desired. Made instantly. No fuss. No trouble. Full directions on each packet. Should be in every household. Send for a supply at once. You will be delighted, so will all who taste it. In highly concentrated double packets, sufficient for four to five gallons (eighty tumblers) of superior Lemonade. Price 1s. 3d., post free, from the Sole Manufacturer, EDITH CROSSLEY, 28 City Road, London, E.C.

SPECIAL OFFER to introduce LEMONELLE.

£80 IN PRIZES

1st Prize, £25	3rd Prize, £15	5th Prize, £6
2nd " £20	4th " £10	6th " £4

To Purchasers sending most correct solutions to the following Puzzle words:

1. C*D*U*Y** *O*O*
2. S*N*I*H* S*A*
3. E*W*R*S' H*R*E*E
4. M*L*I*'S F**D.
5. C**M**S M*S*A*D
6. E*O'* F*U*T S*L*

Fill in the stars (one letter for each star) to represent six well advertised articles. Write those you find out on a sheet of paper, placing the respective number to each, and post it, together with your order for a double packet of LEMONELLE, and P.O. or stamps for 1s. 3d., enclosing a stamped addressed reply envelope result, &c., to MISS EDITH CROSSLEY, 28 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. *The Prizes will be awarded in order of correctness, and in cases of equality will be added together and divided.*

NO PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED UNDER £2.

Should more than forty competitors send in correct solutions, a further six advertised articles will be given in order to decide the prizes. The Competition will close on SATURDAY, JUNE 30th. Prize particulars, &c., will be sent to all Competitors on Monday, July 2nd. LEMONELLE will be dispatched to purchasers per return of post, together with a notice informing Competitors how many of their solutions are correct.

THREE BICYCLES ARE OFFERED TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN EASY COMPETITIONS. YOU WILL FIND ALL PARTICULARS ON PAGE 837.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, June 15th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, June 23rd, 1900. For full particulars see page 836.

No. 518.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

"I SAY, Willie," said five-year-old Johnny to a little playmate, "you pretend to hit me and I'll howl, then mamma will give me some cake and I'll divide it with you."

"WHAT are all those funny little steamboats?" asked the country girl, pointing to the tugs.

"Oh," replied her Liverpool cousin, "they are the barks of the ocean greyhounds."

MR. SMALLCAPS: "That new man on the third machine is a funny guy?"

Mr. Dedgalley: "Is he?"

Mr. Smallcaps: "Yes. He's been setting up the Transvaal War stuff all the evening, and just now he went over to the copycutter's desk and asked for more 'Kopje.'"

What it Cost Him.

"GEORGE, dear——"

"Don't bother me, Laura. I am reading, and I'd rather read than talk just now."

An hour dragged its way into the dim, misty past, and the voice of Mr. Ferguson was heard calling loudly:

"Laura, how much longer have I got to wait for dinner? It ought to have been ready an hour ago!"

"It was, George," responded Mrs. Ferguson from the dining-room. "That was what I went in to tell you, but you didn't want to hear me talk. We have all finished, and everything is cold; but you needn't wait another minute if you want your dinner."

"IT'S simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer.

"Same way here," remarked the grocer. "I have to work for it."

ECONOMICAL YOUNG WIFE (shopping): "I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb."

Butcher: "Yes'm. Forequarter o' lamb, 'm?"

Young Wife: "Well, I think three quarters will be enough!"

GEORGE: "What a fellow you are for kissing the girls! Do you really enjoy that sort of confectionery?"

Harry: "Not particularly. I don't do it because I like it, but just out of revenge on the sex. I can't forget how the women used to kiss me when I was a baby and couldn't help myself."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Are you going to marry my sister Maude, Mr. De Jones?"

Mr. De Jones (Maude's admirer): "Why, Willie, that's a funny question to ask me. What do you want to know for?"

Little Willie: "'Cause I heard her tell mamma she would give five shillings to know, and I want the money; do you see?"

A Live Bird on Her Hat.

A GIRL'S hat made a sensation in the ladies' lunch-room at one of the big restaurants a few days ago. She came in and stopped for a moment in the hall.

While there she noticed a young sparrow flutter in through the open window, and wheel once or twice around the room. She felt it brush against her hat in its flight, but thought no more of it and passed on into the lunch-room. She had picked up the bill of fare, and was reading it when she felt that someone was watching her, and glancing around she discovered that she was a focusing point for all the eyes in the immediate vicinity.

Of course, she blushed and coloured up and began to wonder at the cause of the people's interest. Just then the waiter, who had been hovering round, noticed her confusion, and bending down, whispered: "Pardon me, miss, but there's a live bird on your hat."

And then, instead of going into hysterics, she calmly said: "Thank you. Will you please shoo it off."

And the waiter "shooed" the sparrow towards a window near by, while the owner of the hat fixed it on straight and proceeded to order luncheon.

All rights reserved.]

My Little Girl.

MY little girl is nested
  Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
  Around her dainty head.
She lies so calm and stilly,
  She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
  Half hidden in the snow.
A weary little mortal
  Has gone to slumberland;
The pixies at the portal
  Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
  Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
  Upon the rocking chair.
I kiss your wayward tresses,
  My drowsy little queen,
I know you have caresses
  From floating forms unseen.
O angels, let me keep her
  To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
  Who has my love and prayers.

So Anxious to Meet Him.

A FEW minutes before the afternoon train reached Liverpool Street Station the other day, a beautiful young creature in a new spring dress wafted herself over to the man stationed at the gate and proceeded to hypnotise him.

"Will you please let me through?" she said appealingly.

"Can't do it, miss; it's against the rules," said the man at the gate.

"But I do so want to meet him when he gets off," said the beauteous young thing, looking into the man's face searchingly with her imploring violet eyes, "and he will be so disappointed if I am not on the platform to meet him when the train gets in."

The man at the gate looked and hesitated.

"Please," said the lovely young creature, rustling her silk skirts nervously, and seeming to hang on the collector's nod.

"Well, I'll risk it," said the collector, and he pulled the gate open and admitted her.

"'S'pose she's only been married a little while," he reflected, "and her husband's coming back after being away the first time since they were spliced, and she wants to embrace him before he gets out of the carriage. Well, I suppose we all have it that bad once in our lives anyhow," and he looked thoughtfully down the platform where the radiant young creature stood, impatiently tapping her foot.

The train came in a couple of minutes after. The young woman ran alongside the luggage-van, and the guard handed her out a miserable little specimen of a stuck-up, hideous-muzzled pug dog, which she took in her arms and loaded with caresses.

As she passed out of the gate with the pug in her arms, she bestowed a bewitching smile upon the collector.

"And I was fool enough to let her through, and to weave romances about the reason why she wanted to get through," said the collector disgustedly to the station policeman. "I oughtn't to be here. My proper place is in an asylum."

"YOU look robust," remarked the lady of the house. "Are you equal to the task of chopping wood?"

"Equal isn't the word, madam," replied the pilgrim, as he resumed his journey; "I'm superior to it."

"HAS my daughter, sir," demanded the stern father, "ever given you reason to think she would listen to a proposal of marriage from you?"

"Well," said the young man, twirling his hat in his hand in an embarrassed manner, "except that she calls me 'darling,' and always kisses me when I bid her good-night, I can't say that she has."

"COLD waves," said the man who had travelled in north-west Canada, "invariably start in British territory."

"Nothing unusual," said the listener, "when we take into consideration that Britannia rules the waves."

"WHEN I was spending my holiday at the Meadow View Inn," said the girl who calls "Cash" in the winter and spends cash in the summer, "I would recline on the mossy bank and watch the eddies."

"How about the Percys, the Fweddys, and the Gussies?" grinned the ribbon clerk.

MISSIONARY: "Was it liquor that brought you to this?"

Captured Burglar: "No, sir; it was house-cleanin', spring house-cleanin', sir."

Missionary: "Eh? How was that?"

Burglar: "The woman had been house-cleanin', and th' stair carpet was up, and th' folks heard me."

No Use for It.

BILL FLETCHER, a telegraph lineman, doesn't like to wear a hat on hot days. A kind-hearted woman saw Bill one hot day digging away bareheaded at a post hole. So she went into the house, and got one of her husband's old hats.

"It is too bad you haven't got a hat; take this one," said she.

Not wishing to offend her, Bill accepted the offer.

When the work was completed, he went to the door and, thanking her, said that he could not keep the hat.

"But you must keep it," she said. "You will bake your brains out if you don't wear something over your head this hot weather."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Bill. "I haven't got any brains. If I had I wouldn't be digging post holes."

"OH, Harry, listen to this: 'In Siberia they chain convicts to their wheelbarrows.'"

"Well, Harriet, you know very well you'd chain me to the lawn mower if you weren't afraid the neighbours would talk about it."

WIFE: "I had to discharge our cook to-day."

Husband: "Why I thought you said she was a perfect jewel."

Wife: "Yes, I did; but jewels, you know, are more ornamental than useful."

IT is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said:

"Yes, it is a pretty stone. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—"Are these the biggest china eggs you have?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir. They are the usual size."

"You see, I am just going into the poultry business, and I would like as large nest-eggs as I can get in order to give the hens an idea of the size I expect them to attain with their product."

£250 PRETORIA COMPETITION.

At the time of going to press no news is to hand giving the exact hour at which the British flag was hoisted in Pretoria. We have cabled to Pretoria for the information, and hope to announce the winner of the £250 in our next issue.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF IT'S IN P.W. IT'S SO.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

By Fred G. Engelbach.

"The rights of women—what are they?
The right to labour and to pray,
The right to weep," etc.

The great transport, laden with its two thousand fighting men, swept grandly through the waves as though instinct with their hopes and fears. Already the long journey was approaching its end, and the cry of "Land O!" resounding through the ship told the weary men that Africa was in sight. What did they care as they crowded to the bulwarks and gazed their fill at the dim coast-line that to many the weary pilgrimage of life was drawing to its close, and that upon that shore, so far distant just now, many would find their eternal resting place?

With the others Geoffry Hales, a rugged, war-worn veteran, had joined the throng; not, indeed, to stare at the familiar outlines of the African coast, but to find someone dearer by far to him than all the rewards that his profession could bestow.

The ladies of the 10th Fusiliers had long given up their senior major as beyond their powers of fascination, and after many years he had been allowed to "gang his own gait" in peace—a single man. And now, case-hardened as he was, he had fallen in love like the veriest youngster fresh from Sandhurst with one of the Army nurses, and impervious to open chaff and covert laughter he had haunted Miss Gray's steps as though fearful to lose sight of her.

Others there were who would have gladly hovered around her, for her face, although sad, had a rare fascination, but that the Major's string of war ribbons and his V.C. inspired a wholesome respect which effectually kept his juniors aloof.

He came behind her and stood at her side waiting for her to speak.

"Good morning," she said, whilst her colour rose as she noticed the determined look upon his weather-beaten face. "Aren't you glad to know that you'll soon be in the thick of it?"

She dared not risk meeting his eyes just then.

"No, I'm not, and you know I'm not," he retorted. "Miss Gray, this may be the last chance I may have of talking to you alone, and, situated as I am, I must not lose it. I am a man of few words and have nothing to recommend me in your eyes, but for all that I love you as I never thought to love any woman."

He could see her colour fade and her fingers clench convulsively on the hand-rail, and his hopes fell to zero.

"This voyage has been the happiest three weeks in my life, and I have prayed ever since I saw you that it might only be the prelude to a future equally happy."

He saw her form tremble as she struggled to master her emotion, and then she seemed to recover herself.

"Major Hales, I want you to listen to my story, for it will explain to you the keynote of my life. I am a married woman."

The Major turned his head away, but the woman caught the look of anguish which leapt to his eyes.

"My real name is Rhodes, and I was married seven years ago. My husband was a solicitor, and if ever two people were happy we were. He was wrapped up in his home and had but few friends, consequently I saw far more of him than most wives do of their husbands. We had no children, and so far as I know that was his only trouble in life. One day, five years ago, he left home to journey on business to York, and you may imagine my horror when I read in an evening paper that the train in which he travelled had been run into by another. From that day to this I have been unable to trace him; he disappeared as though he had never been. His bag was found, his money at the bank has never been touched, and yet there was not one body unidentified."

Hales held out his hand which she took and pressed, grateful for the silent sympathy.

"I have travelled here and there hoping one day to meet him, fearing lest the accident had deprived him of sense, and that he might have drifted aimlessly about, but with no success. And now this chance offered and I took it, feeling that perhaps in this far-off land I might find him."

"But suppose he had left of design?"

Quickly the glint came to the soft eyes and the flush to her cheek.

"Suppose you had been he," she said, looking him full in the eyes, "would you?"

"Good Heavens, no!"

She smiled faintly at his vehemence.

"Then why should he? Good-bye." She glanced up with pride at his strong, well-set-up figure. "You'll come through the stress of this war with credit, and——"

Oblivious of everything he seized her hands and held them in a grip of iron.

"Tell me," he muttered, "had it not been for this could you have given yourself to me? Tell me, for it will be to my dying day a streak of gold in the drabness of my life, if——"

"There is no man in the world, bar one," she murmured, "whom I respect and admire more."

It was but scant comfort, but it sufficed to send Hales about his duty with a hope tenderly nursed in his heart that brighter days were in store for him.

* * * * *

"Nurse!" shouted the surgeon coming into the ward with an open telegram in his hand, "there's a train load of wounded men coming down from Belmont. They're due here in an hour and a half. Push on all preparations, will you?"

The sick and the wounded had learnt to turn to that quiet, gentle woman, sure that all their wants would be supplied by her. The strongest and the worst grew to envy the patient on whose feverish head her hand rested, and her presence had wrought wonders in the wards.

"Very good, sir," had been her quiet reply, "everything is ready now. All right, Harris, I'm coming," and she hurried away to a sick man moaning querulously for drink.

"She'd leave a general in the same nonchalant way," muttered the surgeon under his breath as he turned away twisting up his moustache.

Soon the dhoolies began to arrive with the wounded, and surgeons, orderlies, and nurses were quickly striving their best to ease the pain of the sorely-tried men. Nurse Gray was giving instructions to a convalescent soldier when the steady tramp of some bearers outside rivetted her attention.

"I thought they were all in, Davis," she said.

"So did I, Miss, but I expect it is some poor beggar in the rear of the train got left behind."

He went to the ward door and opened it, and two men brought in a trooper in the uniform of the Imperial Light Horse, with a rifle-firmly bandaged to his thigh. He was conscious, and gave a groan of anguish as the stretcher was lowered. Suddenly those present saw the woman on whom they leaned collapse into a lifeless mass on the floor.

"A bit overdone, I guess," said the wounded man as he watched his bearers rush to pick the nurse up. "Poor girl, this isn't the place, anyway, for a woman."

With murmured apologies the nurse pulled herself together, and with her colour coming and going she stood by the stretcher gazing down on the wounded man. There, lying helplessly before her, was her long-lost husband, her companion for two happy years, now looking up with wonder at her agitation. With an awful fear gripping her heart she saw that to him she was an utter stranger.

With iron resolution she smothered her grief, and with tender hands ministered to the man, for the moment oblivious of the husband. When all was over she sat by his bedside and listened to his account of the fight in which he had been wounded, eager to hear the first hint of any news of her darling's past.

"I'm an unlucky beggar all through, nurse," he muttered, "and have brought trouble enough on everyone connected with me."

"Really," she murmured, scarcely daring to look at him.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked, whilst she, who knew to a day was silent.

"I call myself four years old"—he smiled even through his pain as he spoke—"for of a truth, nurse, my knowledge only dates back from that period. I found myself four years ago in a hospital at Capetown, ignorant as a babe of my past or as to how I came to be in bed. I couldn't speak, I'd forgotten how to, and bit by bit the good doctors taught me as a child once more. Am I boring you, nurse? I'm sorry, but it helps to still the pain a little."

Boring her when her poor heart was quivering with suspense!

"No, no, go on," she stammered. "I'm very interested."

"Then the daughter of the physician came one day, and she took me in hand, and very slowly I began to learn. The doctors said I had had a bad knock on my head, but when neither I nor they could tell. Anyway, I learnt more from that girl than from anyone else."

The rich colour had left the woman's face, and her hands were clenched, but she said never a word, only her breathing was tense and laboured.

"Long before I left the hospital I felt attracted to my deliverer, and you may imagine my happiness, nurse, when I learnt that she loved me. There was no clue to my past. I had been evidently a labouring man, and what I am she made me, and so I put all fears behind me, and when I was well her father listened to our prayer, and we were married."

The woman seemed made of stone. She heard the words whilst her brain was busily reconstituting the home of years ago, the home in which this man, so utterly unconscious of the real facts, had figured so largely.

"There is her photo, nurse," he said, smiling at her, and, not noticing her altered manner, he pulled a picture from the pocket of his coat, and gave it her. "We've a farm up north, and until this war came no one could have been more happy than we were."

The nurse gazed at the picture and saw a frank, pleasant face which seemed too honest, too smiling to have known trouble. Then her whole soul rose in hot resentment at the decree of fate. She could not tamely sit by and see the man she loved even now wrenched from her without a struggle. She would hint to him, she thought, that perhaps his past held another; she would assert her rights.

"And, nurse, we've the chirpiest, jolliest little picanniny that ever you set eyes on! Gad, how that leg hurts," he muttered. "He's only two years old, but—well, there, I'll shut up my prosing. Just look at those other chaps glaring at me for taking up all your time. I won't say another word, nurse, I really won't."

Gone was all the rancour, gone was the desire for self-assertion, for, unknown to his father, the baby boy had won the hard fought battle, and peace reigned in Nurse Gray's mind. She saw that her chance would mean utter wreck of the man's present happiness without a vestige of hope for that of the past, and she bowed her head in silent submission.

"Yes, you've talked me into a fit of the blues," she said as she left him. "Now, you go to sleep, and I'll play the good fairy and make you well, eh?"

* * * * *

The days that followed tried the woman's strength to its utmost, and so far as her duty allowed her she avoided the trooper's bed. Often she would catch him staring at her with a puzzled expression on his face, and the hope, instantly suppressed however, rose within her that even now he might remember.

"Nurse," he said one morning, "do you mind wasting a minute with me? I must ask you a question."

The time had come, and she braced herself for the shock.

"I fancy sometimes that your face is familiar to me, and I wonder if I have the same effect upon you. Do tell me."

There was keen anxiety in his tones, and the woman, eager to ease him even one pang, instantly replied:

"No, I have never seen you before. When you first came in I fancied there was a likeness between you and a brother I lost many years ago from sickness, but I was mistaken. No, make your mind easy, I have never met you before."

"Thank you, nurse," he exclaimed. "You've lifted a heavy load off my mind. Heaven bless you for it."

In after days men told how Nurse Gray had made her round of the ward that morning and had said a kind word here and had given a gentle hand-shake there, but none knew the deadly feeling of depression which hung over her. By her own words she had cut herself off from happiness for ever, and there was nothing to look forward to. She felt that at all hazards she must walk for a while, and with this feeling strong upon her she pressed steadily forward.

Suddenly she heard the roar of artillery, followed by the continuous rattle of rifle-fire, and, with every fibre of her being strung up, she hurried forward. Breasting a massive kopje she saw she had got almost within touch of the firing line. All her troubles were forgotten, and the nurse was supreme once more, and soon she was rendering aid to the wounded as she alone knew how. Busy at her self-imposed task she was startled by the clatter of hoofs, and helter-skelter the Brigadier and his staff swept by.

"Hales," roared the General in great wrath, "I saw a woman tending the wounded. Gallop back and send her to the rear at once. See, there's an artillery waggon about to start, mind she goes by it. Sorry to have to send you," and he galloped on, leaving his Brigade-Major to face the unknown woman. Reviling his luck, Major Hales rode up.

"Nurse Gray!" he shouted in amazement. "In Heaven's name what are you doing here? The General orders you to go back at once on that waggon, and," he leaned over his saddle and spoke low, "I ask you *for my sake* to do so."

She looked up at him pitifully.

"Poor Geoffry"—he flushed even under his tan—"I've found the man for whom I was searching"—he set his teeth hard—"and, as I thought, his accident has affected his memory and—he has married again, and doesn't know me. Good-bye, Geoffry."

He took her hand, and bending nearly to his pummel kissed it, and then, driving the spurs into his horse, darted madly away.

Passively the woman went to the waggon and clambered in.

"Hold tight, Miss," the men shouted, and in moment the heavy cart was bumping over the rough road. Then there was a hoarse scream, and with a blinding flash a shell dropped on to the waggon and exploded, scattering horses and riders into one mangled heap.

They found the nurse after the battle with hardly a mark upon her, and the men, roughened as they were by hardship and suffering, dropped tears on her grave, but how could they know that to the frail body they had so reverently buried the long last sleep was God's choicest gift of all?

Not Much of a Lift.

Farmers are usually quite willing to give foot-passengers a "lift," but they like to be asked for the favour politely. A farmer was returning from the country fair with an empty cart, when he overtook a smartly dressed young man who was plodding along with the disgusted air of one unused to country roads and sandy soil.

"Hullo, turnips!" cried the foot-passenger, turning round as he heard the rattle of wheels, and standing still until the farmer drove up, "can a fellow get a lift to Newton?" and without waiting for a reply, he vaulted into the cart. "I might as well ride with you as to walk. Now, then, start up your nag."

The farmer looked at the young man a little sharply, but said nothing beyond a "Git-up!" addressed to his horse.

After two or three miles had been traversed, the young man paused for a moment in his inconsequent chatter and remarked:

"It's more of a distance to Newton than I supposed."

"It is a good distance," responded the farmer, in a non-committal tone.

Another twenty minutes passed, and then the young man inquired:

"About how far is it to Newton?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keepin' straight ahead, the way we're going now, I sh'd say 'twould be a matter o' twenty-five thousand miles or so; but if so be you was favourable t'gettin' out o' my cart an' hoofin' it back, it ain't much above eight miles.

The young man got out with great celerity, and proceeded to "hoof it" in the opposite direction.

"I fancy," said the farmer, telling his wife the story afterwards, "I fancy his way of addressin' th' next man he meets will be diff'rent."

Dr. Magnus: "You must see that the patient is completely isolated, nurse."

Nurse (old school): "Yes, sir. But about how much ice would you advise me to get, sir?"

Ida (reading): "And the limelight shone in her big blue eyes."

May: "You mean love light?"

Ida: "No, dear, this heroine was a chorus girl."

The girls in a North Country town have formed a society and have for their motto: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch ours."

There is a big demand for teetotal drinks in that vicinity just now.

If you want to have a good laugh read "Mr. Bowzer's Tribulations" in SHORT STORIES. Out next Tuesday.

SMASHING UP A BIG WHEEL.

THE PASSING OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING FREAK OF THE CENTURY.

WHEN the Ferris wheel is sent to the scrap heap—a thing likely soon to happen—the greatest engineering vagary of the century will have passed into that oblivion reserved for fads, flying-machines and perpetual motion contrivances. Not that the great Ferris wheel is any of these, but simply because it never could serve any practical use, because it embodies no distinctly new principle in engineering, and because it has a marvellous faculty of emptying the coffers of those who try to make its huge bulk earn even a small part of the cost of maintaining it—to say nothing of the cost of original investment.

As one of the wonders of the World's Fair at Chicago of 1893—perhaps the chief wonder—the Ferris wheel stood unique. During the continuance of the exposition more than a million and a half of visitors from all quarters of the globe rode in its suspended cars, and from a height of 264 feet caught a bird's-eye glimpse of the Fair grounds, the lake, and the distant city.

Though less than a third the height of the Eiffel Tower of the Paris Exposition, the Ferris wheel was a much greater wonder. The Eiffel Tower was merely a continuous projection of successive towers one upon another. Given a suitable base, its construction simply meant the stringing of iron and steel straight into the air.

But in the Ferris wheel something new in construction was accomplished—new because of its great size. It was the projection of a gigantic circle, carrying thousands of tons of steel and iron suspended from an axle, and readily movable by the application of machinery. To have built the Ferris wheel simply to stand upon its periphery would have been a comparatively simple task. To suspend this mass of metal from a central point and give it motion was the conception of genius.

Eiffel and his engineers were three years building the tower in Paris. The Ferris wheel was constructed and carrying passengers within four months.

The idea of erecting this great wheel came to Mr. Ferris, an engineer for the Pittsburg Iron Company, about a year before the opening of the World's Fair. Mr. Ferris was then known as one of the most expert bridge builders in America, if not in the world, but when his scheme was mentioned to other engineers it was promptly pronounced chimerical.

About £5,000 was spent in plans and tests before the actual construction of the wheel began. Some thirty firms took part in its making and a Chicago firm saw to its erection.

When ready to be turned, the Ferris wheel had cost over £70,000, and had consumed about 4,000 tons of iron and steel. The movable part of it weighed about 2,000 tons, and it required two engines of 1,000 horse-power each to keep it turning. And so nicely adjusted were all the parts, so well balanced was the great steel circle with its thirty-six cars, capable of carrying 2,160 persons, that it was under as full control as a sewing machine or a donkey engine.

It is barely possible that, had the World's Fair lasted a year or two, the Ferris wheel might have paid for itself. This is based on the assumption that it would have continued to be a novelty for twelve months or more.

As it was, the gross earnings of the wheel during the Fair were £160,000. About one-fifth of this went to the stockholders as profits. The power necessary to operate the big wheel would have run a cotton factory of 100,000 spindles and 3,000 looms, and employing 5,000 operatives.

But the Fair lasted only six months, and the Ferris wheel ceased paying dividends with the closing of the Exposition gates. It was then moved to another part of the city and placed in a space so small that the cars hung over other property while the wheel was revolving.

There it has turned occasionally for the last few years, eating up coal, piling up cost, an eyesore to the neighbourhood and a white elephant to its owners. What has the big wheel cost to date? Deducting the sum paid to stockholders during the World's Fair, and counting as part of the cost what it has lost to its owners, it is safe to say that £200,000 will not cover the total. To move it cost alone £35,000, and it is estimated that it will require an expenditure of at least £5,000 to take it down and remove it from where it now stands.

IDA: "Sometimes a few lines will cause a woman no end of worry."

MAY: "Yes; especially if they happen to be on her face."

FAIR MEDICAL STUDENT: "What do you think of women for physicians?"

Old Doctor: "I think they are all right. Why, we derive two thirds of our income from women."

"THERE was not a dry eye in the audience," said a lecturer who had addressed a school of cookery.

"What was your subject."

"Oh, I gave them a practical illustration of how to peel an onion!"

Grape Shot.

THE hide of a cow yields about thirty-five pounds of leather.

IN China there is twenty times as much coal as in all Europe.

ALEXANDRIA possesses the largest artificial harbour in the world.

STRIKERS were hanged in England less than one hundred years ago.

ONE-THIRD of the people who go mad are said to recover their senses.

KOREAN paper is so strong and dense that it can be used to cover umbrellas.

THE savings of the enlisted men in the British Army amount to nearly £400,000.

AUSTRALIA, it is estimated, is capable of supporting at least 100,000,000 inhabitants.

NOT one drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed to be sold at any of the military camps of Canada.

IN France, for the privilege of wearing men's trousers, the French Government charges women a tax of about £2.

THE Queen and the Tsar of Russia own beautiful typewriters of white enamel and gold, with keys of ivory.

THERE are 1,000 vessels which cross the Atlantic Ocean regularly every month, some of them twice a month.

IT is not generally known, but it is a fact all the same, that London is better off for trees than any other city in Europe.

THE Malay language is spoken by more than 40,000,000 persons. It is said to be easy to learn, as it has almost no grammar.

PAYMASTERS and commissariat officials of the German army receive special training in examining the quality of food supplied to the army.

THE town of Westhofen, in Germany, still enforces an old ordinance which forbids anyone walking in the street with a lighted cigar.

A GERMAN army officer estimates that in the century just closing no fewer than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilised countries.

THE growth of the motor industry in France is shown in the fact that the new occupation demands the employment of 200,000 hands.

THE thinnest veil or silk handkerchief thrown over the face while riding or walking against the cold wind is a remarkably comfortable protection.

THE most ancient glass had exactly the same component parts as that of to-day, and the processes used seem to have been similar in all times.

AMONGST the aborigines of Australia the most common form of punishment less than death is the spearing of the offender through different parts of the body.

THE heart of a vegetarian beats on an average of fifty-eight to the minute; that of the meat eater seventy-five. This represents a difference of 20,000 beats in twenty-four hours.

IN all these years of tea drinking, tea has not been drunk at meals in China. The water from which it is made is always freshly boiled and used as soon as it reaches the boiling point.

A BLACK lioness has been added to the collection of animals in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Lions of this colour are found only in the interior of the Sahara, and are scarce even there.

MILK is suggested as a good extinguishing agent for burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and by disturbing its cohesion attenuates the combustible element as water cannot.

SPIDERS are a serious plague in Japan. They spin their webs on the telegraph wires, and are so numerous as to cause a serious loss of insulation. Sweeping the wires does little good, as the spiders begin all over again.

A FRENCH military journal calls attention to the fact that, owing to the intensity of the electric light used on board men-of-war, the men are frequently affected with eye complaints, which in some cases have led to total blindness.

IT is one of the peculiarities of the laws of Denmark that the crown must be worn by a Christian and a Frederick alternately. The system originated with Christian II., who reigned from 1513 to 1523, and was succeeded by Frederick I.

THERE is a special class of farm labourers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use in consideration of so many days' labour during the year for the owner of the farm. They are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country.

THE Government of New Zealand now sends communications by carrier pigeons between Auckland and Great Britain island, a distance across the water of thirty miles. The service is controlled by the post-office department. The fee for a single message is one shilling, and a stamp for this amount has to be bought at the post-office.

HERCULES IN - - - - LONG CLOTHES.

SOMETHING ABOUT NOTABLE STRONG BABIES OF TO-DAY.

STRONG babies, like poets, are, we venture to think, born and not made; for if otherwise, how are we to account for the fact that in most cases that have come under our notice the strong baby has exhibited signs of the quality that is to make it notable at the very outset of its career?

We would preface the facts that follow by merely mentioning that no salt need be utilised in connection with the stories set down, since the exploits of the babies concerned have been certified as of actual occurrence by medical men, clergymen and others—not parents—whose word we may accept as gospel truth.

In the first place we would draw public attention to a case that is attracting some considerable notice in the United States at the present moment. The one-year old son of a leading physician in Philadelphia is demonstrating promise of putting the exploits of Sandow and Milo into the shade by a wonderful and well-nigh incredible series of infantile feats of muscular strength and endurance.

The Americans claim for the youngster in question the title of strongest child of that age in the world. They certainly base their claim upon firm ground. One of the feats at which the baby referred to excels is that of raising himself by the arms up to his chin upon the horizontal bar, which in this case is represented by a walking stick held at either end by the proud parents of the infant.

The juvenile Hercules will repeat the performance thrice or more frequently if required.

In other recognised forms of gymnastic skill the baby shows equal strength, and his father, who is devoting the better part of his time to the instruction of the child in his physical culture, predicts, as a man of medicine, that his son will one day be the strongest human being in the world.

He attributes the baby's muscle to the massage treatment the child has received from the day of his birth. Every day such treatment is carried out by the father, who is occupied for half-an-hour in the operation which, strangely enough, is not resented by the infant. A cold bath each morning is another part of the child's routine, while the weighing-scales and the tape-measure are produced every week-end and the measurements and weight duly chronicled for future reference. The child is allowed to go barefooted day and night, while a single garment is worn throughout the past year that constitutes his career.

Besides predicting that the strength of the child when fully grown will be stupendous, his father has prophesied that he will never be bald and never lose a tooth. But there are not wanting men of experience who gravely doubt the accuracy of the medical man's predictions on these latter points.

One of the most remarkable of strong folk is the young lady who a few years ago visited nearly all the Courts of Europe, there to exhibit her remarkable strength before rulers of all ages and their families. This lady's greatest trick—for there was presumably some knack to assist her undoubted strength in the operation—was to stand a few inches from a wall and challenge any man who would to push her against that wall.

The two strongest royal personages in Europe strove in vain to do so, Prince George of Greece and the late Tsar of Russia, both endeavouring to push the lady against the wall. The girl who thus defied such royal Hercules as those mentioned was a tower of strength from her birth.

Her nurse—even the monthly nurse who ministered to her wants—could do nothing with her, while her father, a man of no mean strength, was unable to lift her from the floor when she was but two years old if she did not desire to be thus raised. In fact from earliest infancy the girl appeared to realise those tricks which assist a strong man so wonderfully to apparently increase his strength at will.

Few children are there, we venture to think, who would care to try the strength of a small infant who in France has recently attained the mature age of three years. This boy is the son of a circus manager who married a strong woman, and the offspring of the marriage is likely to attract some great attention at no distant date.

Not only does he box and wrestle better than any adult member of the circus troupe to which his parents belong, not only does he nightly race barefooted against both a horseman and a cyclist mounted on an up-to-date machine, but the precocious infant is also able to raise both his parents from the ground (on different occasions, of course) and even walk half-a-dozen paces with his father in his arms.

Incredible as this performance appears to be, the fact that it is true and that the child's age is no greater than that advertised is proved by the statement of the doctor who brought the child into the world, little suspecting its future proclivities, and who has taken a keen interest in its performances ever since. Needless to say, to adopt circus-ring parlance, the baby has proved a "drawing card," and will probably be seen in England before very long.

"A Loyal Lover," a novel by Mrs. Lovett-Cameron, price 6s.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5039. Within how Recent a Period in the History of this Country have Guides been Necessary for Travellers in the Country Parts of England?

The roads in this country down to the beginning of this century were in a condition that is almost incredible now. In many parts there were practically no roads at all, and within the last 200 years guides have been necessary for travellers in parts remote from the large towns. In advertisements of posthorses in the seventeenth century, the charge for a guide is frequently given, and Pepys on his journey from London to Bristol employed several. In his famous diary we read: "June 9th (1668), we came to Oxford. Paid our guide £1 2s. 6d." "June 10th, Hungerford. Thence set out with a guide who saw us to Newmarket Heath, and there left us. Three shillings and sixpence." A hundred years later even the interior of the country was in rough disorder, and the roads, where there were any, were almost impassable. Thus, in 1756, Arthur Young wrote, that to get from Horsham to London with any wheeled vehicle it was necessary to go round by Canterbury! In those days, travellers generally rode on horseback, and even merchandise was commonly carried on packhorses along rough narrow tracks, there being in many places no roads at all. This lack of roads led to the erection in some places of inland lighthouses. One of these, placed in 1751 on Lincoln Heath where there was no road to follow, was lighted regularly till 1768, and at intervals till 1808. In such circumstances the services of guides must often have been necessary.

5079. When Were Glass Windows First Used in Houses?

The method of preparing glass was known long before it was thought of making windows of it. Rich people in Rome had their windows, or the openings of their baths, filled with mica, or transparent stone. It is supposed that glass was used for windows during the reign of Titus, fragments of glass plate having been found at Pompeii, which was destroyed in his reign; but the first certain mention of this use of glass is found in writings of the third century. St. Jerome also speaks of it as so used A.D. 422. Benedict Biscop introduced glass-windows in Britain A.D. 674, though they may have previously been brought in by the Romans. The oldest glass windows at present existing are of the twelfth century, and are in the church of St. Denis. They appear to have been preserved as part of the old church, which was erected before the year 1140 by the Abbot Suger, a favourite of Louis le Gros. Suger had sapphires pounded up and mixed with the glass to give it a blue tint. A writer of the period accounted it one of the most striking instances of splendour which he met in Vienna in 1458, that most of the houses had glass windows. Another authority, Felibien, says that in his time (1600) round glass discs were set in the windows in Italy; and we find that in France there were glass windows in all the churches in the sixteenth century, though there were few in dwelling houses. The manufacture of window glass in this country was begun in Crutched Friars, London, early in the sixteenth century.

5060. Which was the most Effective Speech ever Delivered in the British Parliament?

The speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, delivered in the House of Commons, February 7th, 1787, on the question of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. This brilliant orator so affected his audience that the peers and strangers present joined, with the House, in a tumult of applause. He sat down not merely amidst cheering, but saluted by loud clapping of hands. No other speaker could gain a hearing, and the House adjourned to recover its self-possession. Pitt declared that the speech "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish, to agitate or control the human mind." Fox said: "Eloquent indeed it was; so much so that all he had ever heard, all he had ever read, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Windham, twenty years later, asserted that the speech was "the finest delivered within the memory of man." Burke called it "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there was any record or tradition"; while Byron said that Sheridan had "delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard in this country." Unfortunately, no record remains of this masterpiece of eloquence, though £1,000 was offered to Sheridan for an authentic copy.

5061. What Word in the English Language Owes its Origin to a Wager?

More than 100 years ago, at a tavern called the Eagle, in Eustace Street, Dublin, a number of Dublin volunteers and their friends were gathered for a convivial evening. One of those present used the French expression *un fagotin*, and when asked the exact meaning of the words replied that the English language did not contain any precise equivalent. Upon this Richard Daly, proprietor of Smock Alley Theatre, said: "Why not coin one to suit?" Though laughed at, he laid a wager of twenty guineas, which was accepted, that within forty-eight hours there should be a word in the mouths of the Dublin public, of all classes, to which a definite meaning should be attached, without any suggestion or explanation from him. It was Saturday night, and Daly employed the call-boys, scene-shifters, and other employées of his theatre to traverse the city during the night and early the following morning, chalking on doors, shutters, and walls a word which he had conceived. Thus before the eyes and on the lips of all the word rapidly acquired the meaning of a hoax or jest. Dick Daly won his wager, and the word "quiz," although not of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Celtic, or Saxon origin, is now a part of the English language.

5062. In what Kind of Bird is the Social Instinct Most Highly Developed?

The Social Weaver birds of South Africa build their nests in colonies under a common umbrella-like roof, probably woven for defensive purposes against the intrusion of snakes. The Gardener, one of the Bower birds, constructs its highly-decorated nest with adjoining ornamental spaces, apparently for the purpose of furnishing an attractive meeting-place for social intercourse with its fellows. The spotted Collar bird—a cousin of the crow—prepares its artistic bower, a sort of assembly room ornamented with shells, pebbles, and other bright coloured *bric-à-brac*, where in due time festive gatherings are held, and much apparent mutual admiration attends the strutting and dancing of the males. The European lapwing also carries out its taste for social intercourse to the extent of holding dancing parties, described by Hudson. At these the birds, who live in pairs, are joined by a third, and all three, keeping step, begin a rapid march, uttering resonant, drumming notes in time with their movements. As the march ceases the leader stands erect, whilst the others bow before it, and the visitor returns to its own quarters to receive a return call from one of the other two, when the quaint performance is repeated.

5063. Is there any Flower which Changes Colour as the Day Advances?

The Hibiscus Mutabilis is white in the morning, rose-coloured at midday, and red at sunset. The Gladiolus Versicolor is brown in the morning and blue at evening. The common pink Phlox is said to be light blue in early morning, changing to pink as the day advances. This change of colour is generally attributed to chemical processes in the plant. During the night plants accumulate oxygen which they gradually give up again during the day, and this loss is believed to be the cause of their change of colour. With the reabsorption of oxygen during the night the colour returns, and the whole process begins again. Some flowers change colour more slowly. Thus the Cobaea Scandens is greenish white the first day and violet the next. A Lantana of South America is yellow the first day, orange the second, and purple the third. The Cheiranthus Chamæleo, a kind of wall-flower, is first whitish, then yellow, then red or violet. Again it sometimes happens that flowers on the same plant at the same time are of different colours; thus the Myosotis Diversicolor may have red, yellow, and blue flowers in bloom at once.

5064. Does any Bird Make a Nest which it can Move from Place to Place?

There is a variety of grebe (Colymbus Minor) which hatches its young on a regular raft. It's nest is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely fastened together. These plants contain a considerable quantity of air in their cells, and set free gases in the process of decaying. The air and the gases imprisoned in the plant make the nest lighter than water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches, or any danger is feared, the mother plunges one foot in the water, and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance, often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist, who frequently watched this remarkable removal, says "the whole structure looks like a little floating island, carried along by the labour of the grebe, which moves in the centre of a mass of verdure."

5065. Which is the Oldest Obelisk in the World?

That found by Lepsius, in 1843, in a tomb near the pyramids of Gizeh, and now preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Besides being the oldest, it is the smallest of existing obelisks, being only 2ft. 1½in. high. It has been classed among the monuments of the IV.-V. Dynasties, about 4,000 B.C., and its form is that of the earliest representations of an obelisk on Scarabei. Another small obelisk, less than 11ft. high, found in the necropolis of Drah Abou'l Neggah, Thebes, is ascribed to the XI. Dynasty. Of large obelisks the oldest—still standing where it was originally placed—is that erected by Usertesen I., B.C. 2371-25, in front of the Temple of Heliopolis. It was originally one of a pair, but its fellow fell 1160 A.D., and has wholly disappeared. There is some reason to believe that the monoliths, forming the inner horseshoe of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, are of greater antiquity even than the oldest of these Egyptian obelisks. They indicate a form of Nature-worship, which is supposed to have preceded the polytheism of Ancient Egypt. Their immense age is further suggested by their rough and unshapely appearance. They have not been worked into regular forms, like the obelisks of Egypt, and they are destitute of inscriptions.

5066. What is the Largest Aerolite that has ever Fallen on the Earth?

Ahnighto, the largest of the Savikssue or Cape York meteorites, transported from the shores of Melville Bay to New York by Lieutenant Peary, after his Polar expedition 1895-7. It measures slightly over 11ft. long, 7½ft. wide, and 6ft. thick, is of irregular shape, and weighs nearly 100 tons. If old records are to be trusted, other aerolites of very large dimensions have fallen on the earth's surface. Humboldt mentions a Mongolian tradition that one 40ft. long fell near the upper waters of the Yellow River, while a Chinese astronomical catalogue contains a notice of the fall of a meteoric stone which killed ten men. At Aigespotamos, on the Hellespont, there fell in 467 B.C.—the year of the birth of Socrates—an aerolite which Pliny tells us was as large as a waggon. Humboldt further quotes the traveller De Celis as describing two aerolites he saw in South America over 7ft. in length. In 1492 a mass weighing 260lb. terrified the inhabitants of the Alsatian village of Ensisheim by falling with a loud noise, and burying itself in a wheat field; part of it is still to be seen in the church there. Probably the largest ever observed to fall in Britain is one weighing 56lb., the descent of which was witnessed by a Yorkshire ploughman; while the most remarkable is a mass of nearly pure iron 7 lb. in weight, which fell at Rowton in Shropshire in 1876.

QUESTIONS.

5111. Which European country contains the greatest variety of wild animals?
5112. When was the word "mob" in its present signification first used?
5113. What navigator was the first to double the Cape of Good Hope in times of ancient Egypt?
5114. Was there ever a country whose citizens were compelled by law to remain in the rank in which they were born?
5115. If we could not see the planets would it be possible to detect their presence?
5116. How is it that determined suicides not unfrequently change their minds and wish to live immediately after having attempted to kill themselves?
5117. When were marks of punctuation first used in writing?
5118. When did the practice arise of preaching sermons from a particular text?
5119. When was bottled beer first used?
5120. Why is the "budget" so called?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"I AM not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things as I have."

EXCITED LADY (at the telephone): "I want my husband, please, at once."

Telephone Girl (from the Exchange): "Number, please?"

Excited Lady (snappishly): "How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

OLD PARISHIONER (to unpopular minister): "Oh, sir, I does like th' days as you preaches."

Minister (feeling flattered): "Indeed, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?"

Old Parishioner: "Oh, sir, when you preaches I always gets a good seat."

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A BIG CHINESE LOTTERY.

HOW STUDENTS' NAMES ARE USED FOR GAMBLING PURPOSES.

EVERYONE knows that the Chinese are inveterate gamblers, but few Europeans have any definite ideas as to the number and modes of playing, except, perhaps, with regard to fan-tan and pot, which are played in the gaming-houses on the mainland opposite Hongkong, and in Macao.

The most extensive and elaborate form of Chinese gaming is the waiseng lottery. It is indigenous to Canton, and vast sums are paid to the officials for the privilege of farming this lottery.

In each waiseng lottery there are 1,000 tickets, and, for the purpose of numbering them, the characters in a small didactic booklet called "The Thousand Character Classic," are invariably used.

The cost of tickets and the number and value of the prizes vary considerably, but are of course fixed before any particular lottery is "opened."

The results of waiseng lotteries depend on the surnames of the successful competitors in one or other of the examinations for official appointments, which are periodically held in the district, province, or metropolis.

The term "waiseng" refers to the hall in which examinations are held; and this fact, together with the use of "The Thousand Character Classic," imparts a kind of pseudo-literary tone to waisengs, and thus renders them highly respectable and popular.

The following is an outline of the way in which a waiseng is carried on. The farmer, or his agent, announces by handbill and poster that a lottery will be opened on a certain forthcoming examination, adding full particulars as to date, price of tickets, and other conditions. The would-be staker goes to the shop indicated and hands in a slip of paper, on which he has written the twenty surnames he wishes to "back," pays for his ticket, and gets in return a preliminary receipt.

When 1,000 tickets have been subscribed for, the tickets and the "book" of the lottery are printed, and each staker gets on application a book and the ticket or tickets he has paid for.

The "book" contains 1,000 columns, at the top of each column is printed one of the 1,000 characters (following each other in the order of the classic), and under each character is the list of twenty surnames backed by the person whose ticket bears that distinguishing character. Each ticket has also printed on it its price, the examination in question, and the name of the issuing agent or firm; but it does not contain the twenty selected surnames.

By reference to the book the staker can see his own selected list under the distinguishing character of his ticket, as well as the lists of surnames selected by the other 999 stakers.

The first prize goes to the person whose list of surnames includes the largest number of the surnames of the successful competitors; and so on as to the other prizes. If, for example, each of the twenty surnames selected by a particular staker is that of a successful candidate, then the staker has scored a "highest possible," and, subject to the conditions as to the amounts and distribution of prizes, takes the first prize or a share of it, or a fixed sum.

The total amount of the prizes is usually not more than sixty or seventy per cent. of the amounts staked, the remaining thirty or forty per cent.—after deducting expenses—being the farmer's profit. It is also usual for the farmer to reserve a considerable number of tickets and to stake for himself.

When the result of the examination has been officially declared, leaflets giving the names of the successful candidates are published by the farmer, and payments made to winners on application according to the conditions. Sometimes payment is not made by stakers until the printed book and tickets are ready for delivery.

Before handing in his list of surnames the careful staker consults the lists of successful candidates at previous examinations and so far as possible ascertains the names of candidates who are favourites for a place on the forthcoming list. The latter information can be had from "tipsters" for a consideration.

A staker, for instance, may learn that a candidate bearing an uncommon surname, and being comparatively unknown, is likely to do well—turn out a "dark horse" in racing parlance. A "tip" of this kind is worth paying for.

It is usual to "bar" some of the commonest surnames (like our Smith, Jones, etc.); that is to say, stakers are not allowed to include "barred" names in their list for the reason that such names are certain to appear in the list of successful competitors, and, if not "barred," would be inserted in every staker's list.

In the Straits Settlements, where these lotteries are illegal, various devices are resorted to, in order to avoid the heavy penalties attached to the management of lotteries. For instance the tickets often purport to give admission to a theatrical performance, a two-dollar ticket being for admission to a front seat, a one-dollar one to a second, and a fifty-cent one admitting a child "half price."

Such transparent devices, however, deceive no one acquainted with the lottery. In recent years a large number of promoters of waisengs have been deported to China, as being, in law, "habitual gamblers."

The New Way.

THEY'VE broken down the barrier
That custom used to raise;
The girl, if you would marry her,
Must do it all, these days.
Papa and dearest mamma seem
Not "in it" as of yore—
When most they favour love's young dream,
The more you may deplore.

It used to be the proper thing
To cultivate mamma,
And give her gloves and flowers, and bring
Cigars for "dear papa";
But fashion now has made it wise
To court the girl alone,
To read her hieroglyphic eyes
And tremble on her tone.

Then, in some lonely, dark retreat,
Far from the haunts of men
Or maids, she'll bring you to her feet,
Then bring you up again.
She'll educate you to the ways
That suit her inclination,
And marry you in ninety days
By average calculation.

Brown's Telephone.

BROWN owned a telephone; at least the telephone company allowed one to remain in his office while they collected every quarter one-half of Brown's income to reimburse them for this great condescension. Sometimes Brown's telephone worked and sometimes it didn't. It mostly didn't.

Had Brown been a rude man he would have sworn, but Brown was meek and lowly and unused to strange oaths. So he meekly and politely requested the company to remedy the difficulty.

But Brown was not aware that the telephone company considered its duty ended with placing the telephone in his office.

Instead of using bad language and abusing the company Brown only thought—and waited.

Buzz-z-z.

It was the telephone bell, and Brown meekly answered. His telephone was No. 901.

"Hello!" said a voice, "Is that you, Brown,—No. 901?"

"This isn't 901," answered Brown, "this is the I. X. L slaughter-house, No. 872."

Then the voice said something that caused Brown to blush and hang up the receiver.

Buzz-z-z.

Brown meekly answered.

"Is that No. 901?"

It was the telephone girl, and Brown being a polite man, took off his hat before answering.

"Oh, no; this is 853."

Then the telephone girl drew in her breath, and said something that Brown would not allow himself to hear, and rang again.

"Hello!" said Brown.

"Nine-hundred-and-one?"

There was some doubt in the girl's voice.

And Brown answered:

"Oh, no; this is 702."

Buzz-z-z.

"Hello!" said Brown.

"Nine-hundred-and-one?" The telephone girl had given it up, and the superintendent had taken a hand.

"This is 8,743," answered Brown patiently.

For the next ten minutes Brown was kept busy answering the bell, and he began to fear that his stock of numbers was going to run out, when the bell broke, and Brown meekly resumed his work.

Fifteen minutes later Brown's office was invaded by the superintendent, seven expert electricians, and nine linemen, and Brown's telephone was repaired.

Had Brown been a rude man it would not have been done yet.

DON'T forget to carefully look a fellow over before you call him a liar. If you cannot look over him don't call him one, or you'll regret it.

DASHERLY: "I understand that he's very well connected."

Flasherly: "I should rather think so! He's tied to his wife's apron strings."

"WOULD you call a cat herbivorous, carnivorous, or omnivorous?" asked the man who is learned, but tedious.

"Neither," answered the man who yawns; "merely vociferous."

"THE fine will be five shillings and costs," announced the police magistrate.

"I'm willing to make it ten shillings and costs, squire," said the scorcher, "if you'll have it entered in the printed record that I was going twenty miles an hour and my machine was Greased Lightning, geared up to eighty-four."

YACHT CREWS THAT FOUGHT TO WIN RACES.

AND THE QUEER RULES AND PUNISHMENTS OF YACHTING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

So far back as 1640 yachts existed, and from all appearances yachting was then a very fashionable pastime. Charles II. was able to boast of a very good yacht—even as we may be inclined to judge them to-day—and in 1661 he showed his enthusiasm in sailing by racing his boat against that of the Duke of York. The stakes were 100 guineas, and the course was laid down between Greenwich and Gravesend, and, although we can find no clue as to the result of the match, the probabilities are that Charles II. was not permitted to suffer any indignity such as a defeat would have incurred.

One does not appreciate being asked to believe that any unfairness was indulged in for the sake of royal feelings, but there are instances which have occurred in races of far less remote date which helps one to this conclusion. About a hundred years later than this historical match yacht racing gained prominence in a few of the more important ports of this country, and was much indulged in on the Thames, where scenes of strife were common sights.

Yacht racing in those days depended not so much upon the "cut" of the boat or the sailing capabilities of the crew as upon the fighting qualities of those interested. The success of a yacht was measured by the popularity of her owner, for means were found to spoil the chances of any "blackballed" boat. Protests in those days, too, were carried on in a manner more forcible than polite. Upon more than one occasion foul play was attempted by several small boats getting in the way of the likely winner, which, however, we read, "got all clear by a liberal use of handspikes."

Certainly the most curious and remarkable side of yachting is to be found in the annals of yachting clubs. The first of these institutions was founded in 1720 at Cork, and was known as the Cork Harbour Water Club, not a very comprehensive title. For some forty odd years the club flourished greatly notwithstanding the eccentricity of many of its rules and regulations. Several of these were very amusing. Rule II., for instance, read:

> That no admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the club.

We must confess to not having a very clear understanding as to the full meaning of this rule unless it was to provide against the admiral being "battered" for not placing sufficient meat before his guests. Just as the admiral was restricted to meat so we find he was similarly bound in respect to wine, as Rule III. will indicate:

> Resolved that no admiral presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat, for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitutions of the club, except when my lords the judges are invited.

Talking "shop" as the saying goes, was strictly prohibited at certain times, a fact which is substantiated by Rule XIV.:

> Resolved that such members of the club or others as shall talk of sailing after dinner shall be fined a bumper.

The rules and regulations in connection with Cork Harbour Water Club, it would appear, fairly bristled with punishments of a more or less severe nature. Restrictions were made as to the amount of wine allowed per member, the appended two rules setting forth this and other facts very distinctly.

> Rule XXI.—That the admiral singly, or any three captains whom he shall appoint, do decide all controversies and disputes that may arise in the club, and that any captain who shall refuse to abide by such decision is to be expelled. N.B.—This order to extend to the chaplain or any other inferior officer.
>
> Rule passed on April 21st, 1737.—Ordered that for the future, unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremtory.

What's the meaning of "*and* a peremtory"?

Just about the time that the first yacht club was established in England (1775) the pastime was given an additional fillip, as considered in those days, from the fact that there was a more than average chance of a yachtsman being captured with his craft, or, if in luck, of him taking possession of a smart little yacht. Privateering was rampant about that time, and several yachts were captured by their own kin. Cowes suffered the loss of a few boats in this way, the French privateer *Dagomar*, capturing and taking to Dunkirk a schooner yacht which had left Cowes for an afternoon's spin and got outside the bounds of safety.

The first English yacht club was named the Cumberland Sailing Society, and much ceremony was observed on the Thames between Westminster and Putney Bridges when the club held its annual races. The racing boats were anchored in line with their sails furled, their positions having beforehand been determined by lot. In these races occasionally some of the yachts left the river and went to sea—not from any choice of the crew but because the tide proved stronger than the wind—and it is stated that in 1777 the *Hawke* was actually chased into Calais by an American privateer.

And yet some people speak of the "good old days." You may rest assured that yachtsmen never make use of the expression.

The Brain Gymnasium and Storyette Competition are special features in SHORT STORIES every week.

THE FINEST FIGHTERS SEEM TO BE THOSE WHO WERE MOST RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED.

APART from the interest excited by a primitive race like the Boers engaging in conflict the richest and most powerful country in the world, the spectacle in these days of an entire army holding prayer meetings and singing hymns throughout the night preceding a big battle is somewhat astonishing. Still, we are far too pious a people ourselves to ridicule the Boers for their religious fervour. A praying army not only is far more deserving of respect than a drunken one, but certainly more likely to win.

The German Emperor appears to entertain this opinion, for he has caused every one of his soldiers to be supplied with a special prayer book so arranged that a prayer can be found suitable to any battle the owner finds himself engaged in. There is nothing very original in this idea, for chaplains of our own fleet have provided prayers to be said before a night at sea, "prayers to be said in storms," and "short prayers to single persons who cannot meet to join in prayer with others by reason of the fight or storm."

It speaks volumes for the morality of our soldiers that, although no provision has been made in this way for their spiritual needs, their conduct throughout the present war has been marked by a decorum which would have astonished the drunken, hard-fighting, looting, but resolute warriors of the Peninsular War.

As might be supposed, battle prayers are not quite disinterested. Bishop Leslie, the celebrated Irish fighting bishop, before a battle used to supplicate for neutrality if no direct aid were to be vouchsafed. "If we are bad," he would say, "our enemies are worse, so if Thou canst not help us, stand neuter and leave it to the arm of flesh."

Cromwell's faith in the

POWER EXERTED BY PRAYER

on the fortunes of battle has passed long since into the demains of history. With the magnetic influence which the truly great exercise on lesser mortals his soldiers appear to have been as devout as the great commander himself. A letter written by one of the Ironsides to his mother in 1647 forms part of a collection which recently found its way to the British Museum.

"Nicholas Arden, whom you will remember," says this letter, "I am sore grieved to find is not blessed with faith. I chided him for not praying before battle and he promised to amend his ways. Just before our next encounter with the roystering revellers of the King, I happened on him, and heard him say, and on his knees, too, 'Oh, dear angels (if there be angels), save my soul (if I have a soul).'"

Cromwell's praying, it is true, does not reveal the scepticism of his follower, but there is a curious mixture of piety and worldliness about his exhortations. "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I shall be very busy to-morrow, so if I forget Thee, forget Thou not me."

Whether the Highlander prays now before going into battle we cannot say, but that he was exceedingly prayerful in the past is well known, although whether the fierceness with which he fought is to be attributed to his piety it is difficult to say. The old 93rd Highlanders at one time was a regular Highland parish, with its own minister and

TWO SERGEANTS ACTING AS ELDERS.

The men partook of holy communion before entering on the fray, and even after these religious observances faded, as old customs in time do, the plate was preserved in the sergeants' mess, where it is now exhibited as a relic of the past history of this famous regiment.

In the past we knew so little of the habits of the natives of North Britain that when Edward II. saw the Scotch just before the battle of Bannockburn kneel down he exclaimed:

"See, they kneel, the rebels are asking pardon."

"Yes," grimly replied one of his attendants, who knew the piety of the foe, "but it is to the King of Kings."

To some people it is astonishing that men whose business in life it is to take the lives of others or to give orders and lay schemes which lead to great destruction of life should be religious, but so it is.

Cromwell's piety will be ever hotly disputed. It is difficult, of course, to estimate the sincerity of any man 250 years after his death, but let no one charge the memory of Havelock, Gordon, Stonewall Jackson, and Moltke with hypocrisy. It was customary to speak of the men who attended Havelock's prayer meetings and Bible readings as "saints," but they were always ready to do their duty, and indeed it is to Havelock's "lambs" that we were largely indebted for the quelling of the Indian Mutiny.

It would be useless to try and persuade some people that the piety of Mr. Kruger is not sheer hypocrisy, and they may be right, but that the Boers are genuinely pious there is no reason to doubt. Civilisation, with its innumerable products, may be causing the Boers of to-day to slowly realise that there is something in the world of interest besides the interpretation of texts, but the piety of a nation which has been more than once on the verge of civil war over some religious dispute cannot be doubted.

In the trekking days of 1837 waggon brawls, as they were called, were caused as a rule by a couple of leading spirits engaged in the evening, after laager had been formed, in hot controversy over the proper interpretation of some passage in the Bible, and, failing to agree, first abusing and then pummelling each other, with the result that in a trice the camp was in an uproar. During one of these brawls a party of Zulus pounced on the combatants thinking to secure an easy victory; but the guns were got to work with such effect that, the savages retreating greatly discomfited, the points at issue were settled before the combatants retired for the night.

As the Boer to-day is much the same as he was sixty years ago, the evenings are still spent in hymn singing and fierce debates on the proper interpretation of the passages which even the controversies of years have failed to settle.

But there is a slight difference. Since the Boers became a nation, doubt, which is the parent of progress, has crept into their creed, with the result that sects are becoming numerous.

Some twenty-five years ago two rival sects, the Ned Herv and the Ned Geraformeerada amalgamated. Although the Boers are a most quarrelsome people, still the distances which separate the farms preserves the tranquility of the country; but with 40,000 men living together the old disputes were somehow revived, the hatred engendered being so great that the disputants have had to be kept apart. Consequently, of the six

LAAGERS ROUND LADYSMITH

three contained a good sprinkling of what we should call Indifferentists, whose duty it was to see that the peace is preserved.

The curious feature in the religious temperament of Stonewall Jackson was that, although he was an extremely religious man before he joined the Confederate army, camp life, instead of stifling these pious convictions, greatly deepened them. His negro servant, it is said, always knew when there was going to be a battle because his master got up in the night so many times to pray. But the praying of Jackson did not cease even after the battle had commenced. His staff used frequently to note when he was galloping over the field his lips moving in prayer.

Although all those who knew the great Moltke intimately declare that the bent of his mind was naturally religious, some of the prayers he composed for his own use are extremely practical in character.

"Fill our souls with wisdom now lest we die to-morrow" reminds one of some of the generals in the Seven Years' War—next to the Thirty Years' War the greatest religious war ever waged—who used to pray for succour on the grounds that as the campaign was not being waged for any earthly purpose he ought to be allowed to win.

One day Frederick the Great came upon a number of his soldiers praying. The worshippers would have risen to salute, but the King forbade them.

"Pray, pray," he cried. "If your prayers are longer than the fellows over yonder we shall win."

Before the battle the King told all those who had prayed for victory to step to the front. About a hundred men obeyed the summons. On being questioned it transpired that at least twenty had

PRAYED UNCEASINGLY FOR TWELVE HOURS.

The news of this so greatly cheered the troops that the moment the battle commenced they fell like an avalanche on the Austrians and routed them with great slaughter. After the battle was over Frederick remarked:

"I do solemnly believe that the finest fighters in the world are religious ones."

In the days of the Peninsular War, when the prospect of plenty of fighting had filled the ranks with every possible description of wastrel, shiftless and unsuccessful regarded from the standpoint of commercial success, but brave as lions and genuine lovers of their country, one after the battle of Salamanca was brought in mortally wounded. He was dying but he looked up when he saw the chaplain.

"How long does it take you to pray for the soul of a general?" he asked.

The chaplain, seeing the drift of the question, gently explained that special prayers had been composed by the archbishops and bishops for the souls of generals and officers.

"I want saving quite as much as they do," said the soldier fiercely. "I am dying for my country and my King. They can't do more than that, so kneel down here and don't you rise till I have had as much as an officer gets."

Washington was an extremely pious man. He was addicted to praying before battle but he could not bear when so engaged being interrupted. A subaltern on one of these occasions entered with an important message. Washington rose, flung the scabbard of his sword at the intruder, and then went on with his devotions. These over, he rose and asked for the dispatches.

They Knew it wasn't a Real Fly.

Two men were standing outside a jeweller's window admiring the gorgeous display of glittering gems that lay before them. Presently one of them, pointing to an object in a red plush tray, said:

"Just look at that scarf-pin representing a fly. Anyone can tell that's not real."

"Well, I should think so," answered his friend. "Whoever saw a common fly with such a bright appearance? Why it makes me weary when I think that the jeweller who produced that fondly hoped that someone would purchase it to deceive his friends. If I saw that on a man's scarf, I could tell directly that it was enamelled imitation."

At that moment the object of their condemnation moved across the tray, flew in the air, and vanished.

The two men looked at each other, gasped, and moved away without a word.

"You British soldiers," said the disgusted Boer prisoner, "are dead to the rules of civilised warfare."

"What have they done now?" inquired the sentry.

"Perhaps you won't believe it," said the prisoner with great bitterness, "but they actually ambushed one of our ambushes!"

Grounds for Doubt.

THE young man who insists on dressing as elaborately in hot weather as he does in the winter was looking at some pictures of cannibal chiefs.

"I'm sure," he said in a meditative tone, as he mopped the perspiration from beneath his lofty collar, "that I won't bother about giving any more money for the education of the heathen."

"But you have taken such a great interest in such work in the past."

"Yes. But my ideas on the subject are undergoing a change."

"You can't deny that such people need civilising."

"Of course. There's no disputing the fact that when they go to war they kill one another one at a time instead of using a Maxim gun. And they don't have harrowing details worked up in such a way that people can't avoid them whenever there's a shocking crime committed. But I don't feel as much like putting on airs over them as I used to."

"Of course, it is not proper to flaunt your superior advantages in a boastful spirit. But there is no reason why you should not pity them."

"No, I can't pity them, either. I don't feel like assuming a patronising attitude. I must say that I don't feel sure of my ground when it comes to looking upon any man who has sense enough to wear a cuff around his ankle instead of round his neck as my intellectual inferior."

Barge Loads of Goods Trucks.

ONE of the most curious sights which strikes the eye of the new arrival on the boat going up New York harbour is the great number of flat barges loaded with freight cars resting on railway metals.

In New York proper—that is, on Manhattan Island—there is only one terminus. All the others are in Jersey city. The result is that the railway companies send their cars over on barges to the landing stages in New York, where they get loaded up, and are then towed back to the opposite side of the river, where they are shifted on to rails and whisked off to all parts of the country.

The goods waggons of America—or freight cars, as they are called there—are considerably bigger than those of this country. They each carry about four times as big a load and are mostly completely covered in, the open ones being used chiefly for minerals.

Although it will shortly become compulsory for all freight trains to be fitted with automatic brakes, most of the cars are now equipped with the ordinary hand-brake, manipulated from the roof of each waggon. It is the business of the brakeman to travel on the tops of the waggons, and to screw down the brake when necessary. In thick weather, especially at night, it is impossible for the brakeman to see the bridges which the train may be approaching, and, as it is certain death for a man to be standing or kneeling while passing under a bridge, some warning is necessary.

This warning consists of a fringe of knotted ropes suspended over the track at a certain distance from each bridge in such a way that they strike the heads of the brakemen on the approaching train. Each man at once throws himself flat on the top of the waggon and passes safely under the bridge.

On every long distance train in America an ice water tank is kept from which passengers help themselves. It is the business of the conductor—equivalent to our guard—to place the cups under every tap, when he comes on duty, and to collect them and place them, together with his flags, lamps and other working paraphernalia, in a big box when he is going off duty. This box is kept in the baggage van, and is taken off the train when the conductor leaves. In this way, each conductor carries about with him from train to train, all the articles necessary for its working, so far as he is concerned.

"A picturesque and entertaining novel is "A Loyal Lover."

Your Brain is a Signal-Box.

WHY IT IS EASIER TO REMEMBER AN APPLE THAN A POEM.

THE science of medicine is year after year becoming more and more perfect; its diagnoses are more reliable, and its method of treatment is more rational.

Although the brain is the chief part of the animal man, yet there are many things about the brain which scientists have not yet fathomed.

But great strides have been made in that knowledge which has only within recent years been discovered, and which reveals to us what the cranium really contains. Shelving what has gone before, and what has been taught as medical law, the following interesting data on how the brain works is now what is accepted at the present time as the correct theory.

The cerebrum—front and top—is the chief part of the brain and the immediate source of all our mental action. The grey matter of the outer surface is made up of layers of nerve cells. These are the thinking centres. Experiments have clearly demonstrated that each convolution has a special function, and if destroyed it cannot be replaced.

It has also been recently found that the left side of the brain is more active than the right.

How has that been found out? Well, if an epileptic commences a fit by twitching the right thumb or hand, one would find its cause in its nerve centre on the left side of the brain. It is only within the past few years that medical men are now able to make a map of the surface of the brain according to the various functions performed.

All impressions received from the outer world, whether through the medium of sight, smell, hearing, taste or touch, are carried direct to the surface of the brain and recorded in the brain cells of their respective areas, while all movements are the result of impulses from the cells in the different motor areas.

Now, there are five large sensory areas in the make-up of the brain: First, sight, which is the largest, at the back of the brain. Smell, taste, and hearing have their positions at the side of the head in the temporal (temples) region and inner surface. Touch has its domicile at the top of the brain, while the large motor (giving motion) area takes up the bulk of the middle brain.

These are so splendidly arranged by Nature that the motor cells of the lips are in front; then those of the hand, arm, and so on, to the foot. To give you an example how the sensory and motor nerves work: If you touched anything hot or sharp, the impression would be conveyed to the sensory area along the nerves connected with it. The sensory cell which received the message would immediately communicate with the motor cells to pull your hand away.

Why is it easier to remember an object than, say, a mathematical formula or a poem? The reason of this is that whereas the former has impressions stamped on several brain centres, such as sight, touch, smell, taste, and the rest, the latter are stamped on centres which are not nearly so retentive as the former.

In repeating poetry, for instance, it is the sound of the last line which suggests the next line, but an object presents itself to the brain centres concerned immediately. You know an apple or an orange when you see it because you are aided in distinguishing it by a set of centres which are not only more numerous but quicker in perception. Though poetry is revived in the sight and sound centres, it is not so well fixed there as in the other case, because it calls up fewer centres.

An apple, for instance, is stamped twice in the optic centre, once as a green fruit, and once as the printed word; there is an optic word centre and a pictorial or photographic centre. The poem is only stamped in the former, as, of course, it is not an object which can be pictorially represented.

The brain is nothing less than a big album of photographs and other sensory impressions. The prefrontal region may be compared to a registry office where certain records are kept. In the brain that particular part is the starting-place for the memory. If we wish to recall a subject, the stimulus must pass to the prefrontal or registry office of the brain, whence the stimulus is sent to the brain cells containing the sensations to be recalled. It is like a signal-box on a railway.

Now unless your blood be in good order the active life of the brain will be affected. Blood is the nourishing agent, and if it be of a poor kind the work it does in the way of nourishment will be of a worthless character practically. Poor blood is an enemy of the brain, but, happily, it is not so disastrous a foe as worry. In that you have the real enemy of the brain. Worry disorganises the machinery of the brain and mind, and is little inferior to shock which usually paralyses both.

Worry causes irregular nerve action, and, if it be continuous, it produces a confusion of ideas. This depresses the cells of the brain, and the usual result is, if there is no abatement in the worry, complete failure of the brain's action and consequent mental disturbance.

Self-control is the key to preserving the equilibrium of the brain and to maintaining its natural healthy state.

A Chinese Medicine.

DRIED lizards have become an important article of commerce in southern China. The exportations are made from the port of Pakhoi. These lizards are procured from the town of Nan-sung, in the province of Kivangsi, where they live in the earth at a depth of three or four inches. During the night they leave their holes and are easily caught. Last year Pakhoi exported 174,636 lizards, valued at £2,000. Dried lizards are used by the Chinese in making a kind of soup, and they are also used in medicine as a preventative of consumption. The demand for this medicine is so large in Hong Kong that it is very costly.

He Wanted to Read.

I HEARD a rude but witty thing said the other day by a fellow railway passenger. He was trying to read, and was really interested in his book, but just in front of him sat a little girl who seemed determined to have his attention.

She was a pretty and sprightly little creature, with blue eyes, golden hair, and an inquisitor's tongue. She plied the stranger with questions and toyed with his watch-chain, and her mother, evidently a widow, looked round now and then with a beaming smile. He began to feel out of sorts. At last he said to the mother:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly, and answered with a sigh "Ethel."

"Please call her, then," said the stranger, as he buried himself in his book.

An Awkward Change.

AN amusing story is told of a well-known Russian lady who went recently to enjoy the sulphur baths at Tiflis.

On a particular morning the countess entered as usual one of the bath-rooms.

The water had hardly touched her body, however, when, to her horror, she began to turn black. She was so frightened at the transformation that, upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, she fainted.

The explanation was simple enough. It was discovered that the countess was accustomed to paint her face, hands, arms, and neck daily with a substance containing zinc. On that fatal day the poor woman had failed to remove the "beautifying" coat.

The zinc, combined with the sulphur and other substances in the water, had quickly made an African belle out of the white-skinned bather. A considerable time passed ere the unfortunate woman resumed her natural appearance.

The Use of the Pet Dog.

"I HAVEN'T seen your pet dog for several days," said a devoted husband to his wife.

"No," she replied; "the fact is, I have given him away."

"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him."

"Oh, I know that! But I thought it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon."

The husband sank into the chair with a deep sigh. "How much do you want, Mary?" he asked, as he drew his purse from his pocket. "It can't be a bonnet, for you had one the other day."

"No," she said, "it is not a bonnet, darling; but I would really like a new silk dress for the summer, and you know it has to be bought and made and all that."

"Now," he said, as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog?"

"Oh," she sweetly replied, "I've given the dog to my sister, and I can easily get him back again."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A widower is being married for the fourth time. During the ceremony one of the guests is surprised to hear violent sobs proceeding from a woman in a corner of the church.

"Who is that lady who is crying so bitterly?" he asks of the bystanders.

"Oh, it's only Martha, our cook," answers one of the bridegroom's children; "she always blubbers when papa gets married."

Two gentlemen of opposite politics meeting, one inquired the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered:

"I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it."

"Oh! you are proud of your ignorance, eh, sir?"

"Yes, I am," replied the belligerent gentleman; "and what then, sir?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

The Victoria Cross birthday of the week is that of GENERAL RICHARD H. KEATINGE, who, on June 17th, celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday. When only seventeen years old, the General joined the Bombay Native Artillery, and, of course, served throughout the Indian Mutiny. He commanded some loyal native troops during the war, and at the siege of Chandaire he won the V.C. for exceptional bravery in the presence of the enemy. After a life-long career in India the General now resides in Sussex.

One of the most ancient families in Shropshire is that of which the chief is LORD WROTTESLEY, who completes his seventy-sixth year on Sunday. Though the peerage only dates from 1838, a baronetcy has been held since 1642, in the reign of Charles I., while previously a Wrottesley had served at the battle of Crecy with the Black Prince, and was one of the original Knights of the Garter when the Order was instituted in 1349. Lord Wrottesley is the eleventh baronet and third baron.

SIR HENRY A. WHITE, who becomes fifty-one on Monday, is the private solicitor to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and thus occupies a very confidential position. In this connection, it is not a matter of common knowledge that the Prince of Wales is a barrister, though, of course, he has never accepted a brief. H.R.H. was made a bencher of the Middle Temple on October 31st, 1861, and some years later, his son, the late Duke of Clarence, was also "called" there.

Time and tide are said to wait for no man, and the EARL OF DURHAM, who celebrates his forty-fifth birthday on June 19th, owes his present position solely to the fact that he was born a minute or two before his twin-brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, who, however, is the heir to the title. The Earl owns mines and other property in Durham, and he is very wealthy. Lambton Castle has been in the family for over six centuries, though the peerage was only created in 1828.

Hereditary influence has had no part in making Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER an actor. He was born at Reading on June 19th, 1858, and his father, a Scotsman, was a great hater of actor folk, and plays, while his mother was never in a theatre. Following the example of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Alexander changed his name for his stage career. If he had not done so, he would now be known as George Alexander Gibb Sampson—the initials being, appropriately enough, "Gags."

The most-feared judge on the bench is probably MR. JUSTICE DAY, who will be seventy-four years old on June 20th. He has been a judge eighteen years now, and during that time he has become second to none as a flogging judge, having had altogther about 150 criminals punished in that manner. He could retire on a pension of £75 a week, if he desired; but, as he got married again only a few weeks ago, he evidently does not think himself a spent force yet! In 1899, at the Shropshire Assizes, Mr. Justice Day sentenced a girl of fifteen, for manslaughter, to fifteen years penal servitude.

The most bookish of English bishops is undoubtedly DR. STUBBS, who has been Bishop of Oxford since 1889, and who celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday on June 21st. A clergyman in his diocese once complained of another Ritualistic clergyman who, among other things, kissed the stole! "Ah!" answered Dr. Stubbs, with a twinkle of the eye, "at all events, it is much better than if he stole a kiss." The Bishop is a Yorkshireman, and his father was a solicitor of Knaresborough.

Practically all the world has been a stage to the MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN, who completes his seventy-fourth year also on Thursday. From 1855 to 1896, when he retired, his lordship continuously served his Queen as Ambassador and Governor. In fact, he has been so much abroad that, long as he has been famous, it was only in 1897, at St. Martin's Town Hall, that he had the opportunity of making his first London speech! His favourite pastime is yachting, and he lives in Ireland.

When he was twenty years old, MR. RIDER HAGGARD, who celebrates his forty-fourth birthday on June 22nd, became a Secretary to the Governor of Natal, and three years later he was appointed Master of the Transvaal High Court. When the Transvaal was annexed it was Mr. Haggard who hoisted the good old flag, which afterwards came down with a run. The famous novelist is said to have preserved the piece of bunting, and, if so, it ought to be soon flying over Pretoria again—nailed to the mast. Mr. Haggard's first book appeared in 1882.

Be sure to order next Tuesday's SHORT STORIES. It contains the opening chapters of a new serial story by George C. Wallis, entitled "Einar of the Long Sword."

All the tales in SHORT STORIES are well worth reading. Only one penny, every Tuesday.

THE DAMAGE DONE BY DUST.

It is Responsible for Hundreds of Deaths Yearly.

Few people realise the important part that the small particles of matter in the atmosphere, which we call dust, play.

For instance, it was for a long time a matter of conjecture what fog really consisted of. It is now known that fog is nothing more nor less than the "deposit of moisture on atmospheric motes," to quote the exact words of one of our most famous scientists.

It is not the object of this article to give a learned disquisition on what dust is and what it is not, but to show how dangerous certain dust is both as a propagator of disease and as an irritant.

In the first place, everyone should shun a chaff-cutter like the plague. The fine dust that arises from the hay as it is chopped up is particularly penetrating and pernicious, and has been proved again and again injurious to those persons who have drawn the fine powder into their lungs. Scientists aver that some of the dried grasses chopped up in the cutter are poisonous when inhaled in this form.

Metallic dust is another great source of danger, and hence we find that needle manufacturers and steel grinders are very often afflicted with lung diseases by reason of the fine dust from the metal having penetrated their air passages. In the same way stone-cutters, workmen in plaster of Paris, coal-heavers, men in tobacco factories, those employed in flour mills, and hat and carpet making are all liable to suffer from dust, and to lay the seeds of disease in the respiratory organs.

There is yet another point connected with dust of organic origin, and that is its intense inflammability and its liability to explode when mixed with air. In this way no fewer than six flour-mills were destroyed in Minneapolis, America, in 1878, and damage to the extent of over a million dollars was done; while we are being continually reminded of the deadly power of coal-dust by the terrible explosions that take place from time to time in our collieries.

An interesting discovery was made some years ago by a scientist on the Peak of Teneriffe. He was weighing some tiny fragments of ore on a very delicate balance-weight, when, to his surprise, the little instrument clogged, though he could discover nothing to account for its strange behaviour. Microscopical scrutiny revealed the fact that the balance had become clogged by minute particles of dust, so fine as to escape detection with the naked eye. Further investigation showed that the scientist's watch was also clogged with the dust. It had penetrated a so-called dust-proof case! And yet it was invisible, and the atmosphere seemed of a crystalline clearness.

When Vesuvius is in eruption it not unfrequently happens that the dust emitted from the volcano falls into the streets of Naples, but this is nothing in comparison with the fact that the famous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were covered and buried by the mass of finely powdered material that was after all nothing more nor less than volcanic dust.

Some years ago a vessel was cruising about round the islands in the South Sea, when an island of volcanic origin, the crater of which was supposed to be extinct, leapt into eruption.

The vessel was covered almost instantaneously with pumice dust, and, indeed, two of the sailors were killed outright by huge pieces of pumice stone being hurled upon them. A terrible darkness settled round the ship, caused by the impenetrable curtain of choking dust, which covered the rigging and the deck with marvellous quickness. At last the vessel was clear of the smother, and then it was found that she was so weighted down with the dust that her Plimsoll mark was submerged. It took the sailors the best part of a day to clear the dust off the vessel.

There is a case recorded where the water of a shallow lake was absolutely poisoned by dust that was blown on to its surface from a distance, so much so that hundreds of the fish in the lake were killed.

For a long time it remained a mystery why the fish had died, until a scientist turned his attention to the strange occurrence and proved the true facts of the case.

Shooting stars are nothing more nor less than dust, as, indeed, are hundreds and thousands of the "fixed" stars in the heavens.

Some time ago an astronomer started a theory that in a few weeks' time the world would come to an end by coming into collision with a fragment of "heavenly dust" that had been disintegrated from one of the great planets and hurled into space.

This fragment of "dust," the scientist contended, was nearly as big as the earth, in whose path it had been cast, and was travelling through space towards our planet at the rate of some hundred thousand miles per minute.

When this "morsel" came within some thousand or so miles of us the internal flames of the earth would leap out through the thin crust, fourteen miles deep, that keeps them back, and we should in a few seconds be demolished, a demolition that would be rendered more certain by the impact of the "dust fragment."

For some time the world hung in terrified suspense. Then the time predicted by the astronomer drew near, arrived, and departed, and everyone breathed freely.

He Shaved Himself.

When a famous archæologist went into his club the other afternoon, his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking-plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter.

"Razor," said the professor briefly.

"Good gracious! Where were you shaved?" asked one of the younger members sympathetically.

"It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know for certain that he took a Double First at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterwards, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know, also, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing. And yet," sililoquised the savant, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young member, in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh! he isn't a barber!" said the book-worm, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself to-day."

A Tragedy of the Time.

The smoke curled out of the windows in thick, black clouds; every now and then the red tongues of flame darted through it, lighting up the faces of the people opposite. Yes, the building was doomed.

But the firemen were working bravely, and had saved all the men, women, and children.

Suddenly, a fair young thing rushed up to one of the firemen. Her hair was hanging down her back and her beautiful eyes wide open with horror.

"Oh, save it!" she cried, pointing to the second storey window. "Save it, for it is not mine!"

A brave fireman came to her.

"Tell me where it is, and I will save it or die in the attempt."

"Heaven will reward you!" she cried. "That room up there—there's where I left it. Oh, save it!"

With a fearless smile the fireman mounted the ladder amid the cheers of the populace.

"How old was it?" asked another woman of the fair young thing.

"Only a month!" cried the distracted woman. "Oh, gracious, he is coming back without it!"

"Madam," said the fireman sadly, "I could find no child——"

"Child," she screamed, "I said nothing about a child."

"Then what in the blankety blank did you want me to save?" asked the puzzled fireman.

"The new chainless bike which I had hired!"

And then she fainted away.

Dog Police at Paris.

Safety of Exposition Visitors to be Guarded in a Novel Way.

The dog policeman has joined the force at Paris. He is an important attaché of each station house. He has been tried in the quarter of La Villette and has done a great deal to suppress crime there. Favourable reports have been made of his work, and a large force of dogs are being trained for police duty.

The dog policeman, it is believed, is more valuable in many cases than the human member of the force. He is gifted with a scent keener than that of the ablest informer. He is honest and faithful, doesn't drink absinthe and doesn't smoke bad cigarettes.

Paris is infested with thugs who will throw into the river anyone who is worth killing. They will slay a man for five francs. They hunt in couples and hide behind walls. When the policeman passes they will spring out upon him and kill him if he is in their way.

The dogs are trained to accompany each of the policemen.

At the word of command from him they will follow until they run down an escaping criminal. A person pursued by one of the dogs, is of course a marked man, and if he escapes from one policeman it is only to run into the arms of another on a neighbouring beat, who arrests him. Then the dog wagging his tail leads the way back to the policeman to whom he owes allegiance.

It is impossible for the cleverest footpad to waylay and surprise a policeman accompanied by the trained dogs, for they give the alarm at once.

The thugs of Paris stand in mortal dread of the dogs. They fear hydrophobia from their bites. They know also that capture is inevitable if a dog once gets upon their track.

The policemen report that the very cheapest kinds of mongrels, such as are eaten in the third-rate restaurants on the outer boulevards, can be trained to the work. Blood doesn't matter. Any sort of a dog, it seems, is a law-abiding citizen and can tell a criminal instinctively, and likes to run him down.

ARE THERE TOO MANY OF US?

A Question We Leave to You to Decide.

Human beings and wild animals have one great thing in common, the fight for life; and every year that fight for life becomes harder and harder in proportion as the world becomes more thickly populated with people, all striving after the same thing—money!

The world is every year becoming more crowded. More people are born in proportion to those that die. To take an example of this we have but to turn to the United States of America, a young country, where everything is in the highest degree favourable to great prolificacy.

During the fifty years from 1790 to 1840 the population of the United States doubled twice. From 1880 to 1885 the increase was 10 per cent. The average per cent. of the entire national increase was 32·7 per cent. since 1790. Between 1850 and 1880 the population leapt from 23,191,876 to 50,155,783. Therefore the number of inhabitants was more than doubled in thirty years, notwithstanding the fact of the war between the Federal and Confederate States.

As a set-back against this phenomenal increase of human life, however, we must turn to China. The Chinese, as a nation, date back some five thousand years. The country is five times the size of Germany, and warmer and more fruitful than Europe, producing in a great many parts two harvests a year.

Why, then, is China not peopled so densely that there is scarcely breathing room for its inhabitants? For, taking America as an example, the population of China should now be 859,559,193,106,709,670,199,710,528, whereas in reality the country is less densely populated, on an average, than Belgium or Saxony. The answer is to be found in the fact that among the Chinese infanticide is encouraged by law. A terrible, and yet, the Celestials will tell you, the only really sensible way to provide for the nation's well-being.

In the last 100 years Europe has doubled its population. Between 1820 and 1880 the figures rose from 200,000,000 to 330,000,000, notwithstanding the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars. Yet this gain is overshadowed by America's.

There is one factor in the over-population theory that must be taken into account, and that is to be found in the fact that whereas certain nations increase enormously others stand still, while some palpably lessen.

Yet, if towns are to go on increasing, as London has done of past years, we shall beyond doubt sooner or later be confronted with a very serious problem—the want of "stretching room."

The entire globe measures some 600,000,000,000,000 square yards, or, allowing a yard as standing room for four persons, there is room for 2,400,000,000,000,000 people.

The population of England and Wales doubled between 1801 and 1851. At the same rate in 100 years our population would multiply itself by four, in 200 by 16, in 1,000 by 1,000,000, and in 3,000 years by 1,000,000,000,000,000,000, which would mean that in 3,000 years to every square yard of land there would be 3,333⅓ persons instead of four, or in other words, the earth would be covered with men in columns of 833⅓ each, *standing on one another's heads!* And to take the average height of each person as five feet, each column would be about the height of Ben Nevis.

Such a picture as the above is enough to fill the sanest man with horror. What is to be the end of this terrible increase? We are all of us proud to think of the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, proud to look forward to the time when three-quarters of the globe will have the British flag flying above it. But the picture of life 3,000 years ahead, taking for granted that evolution will go on working as it has worked in the past is appalling. What is to be the answer to the problem of over-population? Sooner or later the world will be brought face to face with the working out of some solution to it.

And while on this subject here is an idea for checking somewhat the growth of London, that awful octopus with tentacles of brick and mortar, that year by year lays waste the country that seems never beyond its reach.

Let the nation purchase a belt of open country all round the great city, a mile and a half broad at least. The building could, of course, go on beyond this belt. But it would give Londoners a new and glorious lung.

And after all open air and space to breathe and move in is as essential as life itself.

Clergyman (to woman): "You want to be separated from your husband. Don't you know that marriages are made in heaven."

She: "I know that, sir, but ours was not. I got my husband through an advertisement in the papers."

"You may say what you like, mother, George no longer loves me."

"But, child, how did you get that silly notion into your head?"

"Oh, very simply and only too quickly. When he takes me home nowadays he always chooses the shortest road."

Have you read "Becky," by Helen Mathers?

How British Gunners "Get On" Their Targets

A BRIGHTLY-WRITTEN ARTICLE TELLING THE SECRET OF JACK'S STRAIGHT SHOOTING.

PERHAPS one of the most indispensable auxiliaries of the modern artilleryman is the telemeter, or range-finder. Up till well within the last half century, the old smooth-bore cannon were so harmless at anything above a few thousand yards, that they were seldom employed at much greater ranges than could be judged by the trained eye.

Nowadays, however, it is different. We have guns that make light of a ten mile range; and, although at this and at longer ranges it is mostly a matter of wind and luck whether one hits one's enemy, it is remarkable how true an aim can be obtained over a range of, say, half that distance.

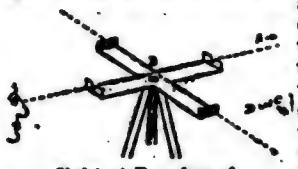
The astonishing results obtained in this way are due in no slight degree to the many clever distance-judging arrangements known as range-finders.

There are three principal classes of range-finders: the acoustic, optical and trigonometrical. The first depends for its working upon the well-known property which causes light to travel more quickly than sound. The interval (in seconds) between seeing the flash and hearing the report of your enemy's weapon, is multiplied by 364.6 when the answer will be the "yards" between you and him. Needless to say, in actual practice the gunner has only to refer to a little pocket table in order to find his multiplications already worked out.

Practically any good stop-watch, such as those used for timing cycle racing, will make an admirable telemeter of this class, the original of which was invented by Lieutenant von Ehrenberg some fifteen years since. There are, too, several varieties of acoustic telemeters, chief amongst which may be mentioned the "Boulenge." This little instrument consists of a small metal "traveller," inclosed within a graduated glass, which is filled with liquid.

So soon as the gun flash is observed, the telemeter is turned to an upright position, and the traveller, starting from zero, begins to tick off the yards upon the graduated glass. So soon as the sound of the explosion is heard, the instrument is tilted into the horizontal position, and the traveller immediately stops. The figure opposite which it has stopped is the required range.

The whole principle of this kind of telemeter depends upon the liquid employed, and the atmospheric conditions at the time of use. For example, if the liquid is the least bit too thin or too dense the traveller will rise at a faster or slower rate than that at which sound travels, and the reading will be worthless.



Sight at B. enlarged. (Dotted lines show how angles are obtained.)

The optical telemeter is a somewhat simpler instrument. It is practically a telescope, across the field of which are drawn a number of fine hair lines, separated by certain specified distances.

In practice, it is customary to measure the height of one's enemy, or of his horse or other prominent feature, by the aid of these hair lines. It is, of course, evident that the nearer the enemy, the greater number of lines he will cover upon the field of the telescope, and *vice versâ*. As usual these measurements are carefully worked out upon a pocket range-table.

For instance, suppose for the sake of argument that the field of the telescope is crossed by fifty horizontal hair lines, and that it is known that an average man of, say, 5ft.8in. in height will apparently measure some thirty of these lines at 500 yards. Well, in sighting the enemy it is discovered that one of their number just covers some ten of the hair lines in the telescope. The natural inference is, of course, that since he appears but one third the size of a standard man at 500 yards, he must be of necessity just three times that distance, or 1,500 yards from the marksman.

Upon the face of it, this idea seems excellent. In actual practice, however, it has one fatal objection. It is often impossible to tell whether or not your enemy is an "average" man. Consequently, whilst your calculations have been based upon the assumption that he is 5ft. 8in. in height, he may all along have been a 6ft. 3in. guardsman, or a diminutive 5ft. camp-follower.

By far the most reliable range-finders, however, are those which depend for their accuracy upon the principles of trigonometry. For the benefit of those who have forgotten their early mathematics, the following little illustration may not prove out of place at a time when its practical outcome means so much to Tommy in the Transvaal.

Let us suppose that Jack is about to open fire upon the Boers with one of his big naval guns. The shots are costly, the ammunition supply is none too large, and, what is more to the point, it is essential that he shall, if possible, dismount the gun at which he is aiming before the enemy has discovered his whereabouts. Consequently, it is of vital importance that he should know the exact range; and this is one of the trigonometrical ways in which he can set to work. As near as possible to his gun position he gets up a stand, upon which he mounts a curious, double-armed "sight" in which the arms are placed at right angles to one another.

He now takes a sight of the Boer gun along the first pair of sights, the line of his vision being the imaginary line B.A. Stepping smartly to the left of the stand, he next looks through the second pair of sights, thereby obtaining a second imaginary line B.C. at right angles to B.A. His mate next takes a curious L shaped "sight" (the tail of which is four inches in length) some forty yards along the line B.C., to D. Here he plants it so that the tail piece D.E. lies in a straight line with B.C. He now takes a sight from D. to A. across the L shaped sight, makes a rapid mental calculation, and the thing is done. A moment later, Jack and Co. are merrily dropping shell after shell right on top of the Boer battery, just as surely as if they had measured out the distance with a surveyor's chain.

Plan of the whole field, showing the method of obtaining the range.

N.B.—For the purposes of this drawing it has been necessary to considerably alter the relative proportions of the various lines.

How's it done?

Truth to tell it is simple enough—when you know how. Without entering into a mass of dry mathematical details, it suffices to say that Jack has now constructed at D. (in the third picture) a triangle D.E.F. which, although much smaller, is exactly proportionate to the big triangle A.B.D. In other words, A.D., B.D. and A.B. (the required range) are proportionate to D.F., D.E. and E.F. But since B.D. was measured out by chain as forty yards and D.E. is four inches only, the proportion required must be ten yards to one inch.

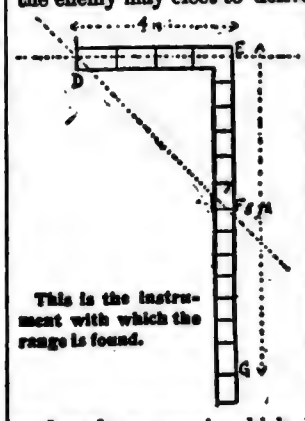
The rest is simple enough, for the range in yards is merely ten times the number of inches (E.F.) marked off upon the stick E.G., which, by-the-way, is five feet in length. In actual practice the range is obtained in this manner in a far shorter time than would appear from reading this cumbersome description of the process.

There are, of course, various other ways of performing this trick, but in every case the principle is the same, irrespective altogether of the length of B.D. For instance, it will readily be seen that under certain circumstances it would be extremely inconvenient to measure out a lengthy base line in front of an enemy's position.

In such cases, a miniature base line of a few inches only is employed; the instrument used being somewhat similar to the sextant, with which the sun is regularly shot at mid-day from every moving vessel in H.M. Service.

When defending a fortified post, such as Mafeking or Ladysmith, it is possible to utilise a considerably simpler method of hitting one's enemy.

In such cases, a careful map of the surrounding country is invariably hung up in each battery. Upon this are marked the exact distances between the defender's guns and every conspicuous landmark or point of vantage over which an attacking force would be likely to advance. Consequently, no matter from what direction the enemy may elect to deliver his attack, the gunner is never at a loss as to how his weapon shall be sighted. Similarly, too, the nearer distances are marked out with little heaps of white stones, or other similar objects, in order that the sharpshooter shall be able to sight his rifle with equal nicety.



This is the instrument with which the range is found.

This latter dodge, it will be remembered, was first employed by the Boers in their historic ambush at Bronkerspruit, which opened the disastrous war of 1881.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note the rough and ready manner in which Jack "gets on" his target when at sea. Like Tommy, he has any number of the most scientific range-finders, for which, for the most part, he possesses the most unmitigated contempt.

Consequently, Jack settles the matter in his own manner. Roughly calculating the distance with his eye to be, say, 1,000 yards, he trains a light Nordenfelt or other rapid-firer upon the foe. There is a splutter from the gun, followed by a white line in the waves ahead. "Too short!—try 1,100!" says his officer.

There is another splutter, and the line of bullet splashes now appears upon the far side of his opponent. Immediately the order goes to the expectant gunners. "Sight for 1,050!" and almost before the Nordenfelt bullets have finished ricochetting across the waves beyond, the big guns have opened fire, and Jack has "got on" his target.

Stabbed in a Queer Place.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a lawyer, "what kind of swearing has just been done in this case? Here we have a physician, a man who, from his high calling, would scorn to tell an untruth.

"But what did he testify, gentlemen? I put the question to him plainly, 'Where was he stabbed?'

"Unblushingly, his features as cool and placid as marble, he replied that he was stabbed an inch and a half to the left of the medial line, and an inch above the umbilicus.

"And yet we have proved by three unimpeachable witnesses that he was stabbed just below the railway station."

No Doubt of It.

A COMMERCIAL traveller, whose face was somewhat remarkable for its ugliness, recently found himself in a little country town.

He was proceeding quietly along the street when he was suddenly confronted by two large and rough-looking men apparently strangers to the place.

The more aggressive of the two gave the traveller a slap on the shoulder, like the slap of a barn-door, and said:

"I say, is there a gaol in this yere town, where they shut up criminals?"

Now the traveller prides himself on his ability to get along peaceably with all sorts and conditions of men, so he assumed an air of familiarity, and began:

"I don't think so. I've been here two days, and——"

"Then there ain't any," broke in the man, with decision. "If you've been in this yere town two days and there was one, you'd be in it."

Where the Queen Takes Tea.

IN the grounds of Osborne, between the palace and the Solent's shore, is a little cottage in which during Her Majesty's summer residence in the Island, the Queen often takes tea, together with the young Princes and Princesses who may be on a visit at the "House;" and it is on such occasions, particularly, that little questions are discussed relating to the purely domestic life of the royal circle.

While tea is being prepared, and which is done in a most family and homely way, the Queen usually takes a drive, in her donkey carriage, through a part of the beautiful marine estate, and seldom fails to ask the coastguardsman on duty the time of high water, what particular vessels might be in sight, and their nationality, if foreign craft.

Of British battleships specially Her Majesty has a remarkable knowledge, while with yachting as her favourite pastime, the Queen at all times appears, when at Osborne, to be most greatly interested in the white winged little racers and cruisers speeding along the waterway below.

It is not usual for guests having the royal invite to the palace to be present at the little family function in the summer house, where Her Majesty's wise counsel is lovingly listened to by the young royalties whose kinship is with our great and good Sovereign.

Should Have Called Him a Typist.

WHEN Mr. Brown reached home the other evening, he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung up his hat before she blurted out:

"You've got a new typewriter!"

"Why, yes," replied Brown. "How did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings-on, I can tell you. You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't 'dear' me. Your typewriter is only about eighteen years old?"

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs. Brown went on indignantly.

"Possibly; but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no; of course not. With a soft voice and charming manners."

"You are nearly right."

"Nearly right! I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. I want your typewriter's name!"

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"

Every week, either a paper pattern or literary supplement is presented gratis with HOME NOTES.

The Crime Clubs of Paris

SEMI-OFFICIAL GANGS OF RUFFIANS WHO ARE PAID TO MURDER AND ROB.

THERE are to-day in Paris alone no fewer than seven distinct bands of assassins and robbers organised for depredations of a specific kind, these being composed of men who, in some cases, would not hesitate to shed human blood or take away human life for the gift of a few sous, so lightly do these desperadoes value precious life. Hardened to their own life and calling, there is no beauty in creation for them.

It was a member of one of these bands who tried to kill the famous lawyer who defended Dreyfus.

It is a very startling statement to make, but all the tragedies which were committed in connection with the Dreyfus case—and there were more than you are aware of—have been traced to these fiendish organisations. This is on the authority of an eminent police official stationed in Paris, who was seen by *P.W.*, but whose name we cannot, for obvious reasons, reveal here.

It is no less staggering to know that many of the prime movers who have the awful responsibility of directing plans, operations, and movements for the taking away of human life are actually officials of the French Government.

"Which is the most desperate of the clubs? The Camelots. He is, I suppose, a desperado of the worst type—is a Camelot. Their club is a sort of factory which turns out the blackest form of criminal it is possible to imagine. The fearless anarchist comes from the Camelots originally, so you can just imagine what the members of that gang are like. Yes, the organisation is made up of all nationalities. Well, no, there are

NO BRITISHERS AMONG THEM.

"Are they, then, with a grievance? No, they have no particular grievance, but their souls are so filled with the desire to commit crime that the only way they can find to serve as an outlet for their criminal tendencies is to join the organisation, and each new-comer, being so carried away with the life that fascinates him, is more desperate than the last. They do not care a halfpenny about anarchy, or about the inequalities of the social standard as gauged by Society; they have no fighting principles whatever; they kill and plunder because it is their nature to, just as it is the nature of the wild beast of the forest to seize and tear into pieces any living, moving object it regards as its prey. It is the instinct to shed human blood just as it is the natural instinct of others to save life. The Camelots destroy it. But their body is only one out of seven that are known to exist here in Paris."

There are few Governments in the world who have not at one time or another to do dirty work; its linen must be washed, and someone must do it; and in this respect a certain Government on the other side of the Channel has a lot of this kind of laundry work to do. But in the trend of its washing processes it has for washers and ironers a set of friends who are ever willing to oblige on the payment of money, and when this condition is complied with, then the friends set to work, and wash and iron anything and everything that's thrown in

THE SOILED LINEN BASKET.

This is how, not many years ago, certain valuable State papers were taken from the British Embassy in Paris, when Lord Dufferin was Ambassador, the robbery having been committed by a guest who came on the invitation of the British Ambassador.

Who was it that put to death the military attaché of the Russian Mission at The Hague not so very long ago? That mystery has never been cleared up to this day. It is known, however, that the poor man in conversation with a friend said that he was going to tell from whom he received for his Government certain military secrets from the French War Office, as he could not stand still and see a brother officer condemned and be made to undergo terrible sufferings for the crime of another man.

During the Dreyfus trial six persons of high official degree suffered violent death, that is to say, that they have died so mysteriously as to give rise to the belief that they were murdered.

Colonel Henry, a reputed suicide, was so angered at his military friends deserting him in time of peril that he threatened to tell all he knew about the Dreyfus affair.

Shortly afterwards he was "found" by the gaol authorities with his throat cut. Was he murdered? It was a significant death to say the least of it, particularly as it came so soon after his declaration to tell what he knew.

This and the other deaths may be laid by the thinking man at the door of this special organisation, which may be described as the official gang, and which has access to the secrets of every Government department, and is, therefore, in a position to use for purpose of menace and of blackmail the confidential reports concerning prominent French citizens which are made out after inquiry by the police, a branch of the latter force being utilised by the State for the purpose.

Besides that formidable league of political assassins there are local bands of criminals which infest certain quarters of Paris.

One of the most infamous of these less official gangs haunts a fashionable quarter situated on the banks of the Seine, known as the Cour La Reine (Queen Court). Originally this particular organisation was led by a woman, and it made its hunting ground the local fortifications and the adjacent streets and greenswards. The fortifications are surrounded by a dry moat, so that when a person has been robbed or murdered, the body is thrown down into this moat and for the time being that proceeding usually ends the mystery of the disappearing victim.

She was a desperate creature while she reigned over her accomplices in crime. In her youth she was a beautiful girl, but cultivating a tendency towards crime of every kind she was at last turned away from home and forbidden to return; neither would any of her relations have aught to do with her; nor would her best friends. This expulsion from all she perhaps held dear so emphasised her general criminal conduct, that she created within her breast a life-long hatred against personal respect, and against those who held respect as a part of their life's honour. She joined the band in question, the members of which soon made her their leader, not because of their gallantry, but because her depredations were so gigantic in outrage of every kind as to warrant her being

MADE THEIR LEADER.

The members of this band are well-dressed, well-spoken, and well-mannered men. There is nothing about them to suggest their odious calling. You may be passing through the district named and suddenly a well-clad gentleman will pop out from somewhere and ask you in the kindliest of voices for a light for his cigar. While you are searching for your match-box, you will be seized from behind by another well-dressed bandit, who on the instant will strangle you into insensibility, and in that state your pockets will be emptied, and you will be left where you have been stricken down, or thrown down into the moat of the fortifications.

Another gang of desperadoes are known to the police by the name of the "*Habits Noirs*," or "Evening Dress" band. The members of this vile club are dressed always in the height of fashion, so far as that can be reached by the latest cut and the best style in evening dress, while their manners and conversation are princely and courteous in the extreme. They go about a great deal. They only turn out in the evening and

ATTEND THE PICTURE GALLERIES,

the best restaurants, the theatres, and the fashionable places of resort favoured by the *élite*.

Good-looking and of gentlemanly address, their desire to speak with you is not resented. On the contrary, you consider yourself lucky that you have fallen across a friend who appears to know a lot of other well-dressed men, and who, you find, spends his money rather freely. You accompany him out into the street, you jump into a cab with him, you allow yourself to be driven off—you don't know where, but you have faith and confidence in your acquaintance—and presently you are shown into a spider's parlour, for before your foot is hardly in the room, you are seized by confederates from behind, knocked insensible, and robbed.

The most notable criminals who have expiated their lives on the scaffold have been members of the *Habits Noirs*.

One of their gang actually became the favourite of old Queen Isabella. His name was Hoffman. The French police declare that the majority of the members composing the *Habits Noirs* are foreigners from various Continental countries, mostly cashiered officers of well-born people who have "gone to the dogs," and who pursue an organised system of blackmailing and robbery and murder for sustenance.

The police know all about these organisations and their system of operations, both of the higher and lower degree; but while, as we have said, their hands in the case of the official murder clubs are tied, they could have mastery over the ordinary criminal gangs; but they do not attempt to suppress them. Their excuse for not stamping them out is that their existence enables them to place the responsibility of any particular crime in the proper quarter.

"WHAT we want now," commenced a confused and timid speaker, at a meeting of a debating society, "is—is—not—not so much what we want as that which we most require."

His hearers agreed with him.

"CAN'T I teach you to love me, Miss Genevieve?" pleadingly asked the young man:

"I fear not, Mr. Spoonamore," she answered.

"Then won't you please teach me how to teach you to love me?" he insisted, eagerly.

This appealed to the essentially masculine or pedagogic element more or less latent in every woman, and she promised to take it under consideration.

Wax Battleships.

COMPARATIVELY few people know that by the Admiralty's orders perfect models are made in paraffin wax of every new battleship before it is built, and these models are tested in a tank at Haslar. The models are from 12ft. to 24ft. long, and the tank is 400ft. long and 30ft. wide. The models are made of wax, because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so alterations can be easily made; also the material can be melted down and used again.

The American Naval authorities also have models of all their hulls constructed, but these are much more elaborate, being formed of white pine, and fitted with rudders, false keels, propeller shafts, and all other necessary parts.

A Mystery to Her.

"WELL, for my part, I don't see how in the wide world some women find time to gad around the way they do," said Mrs. Wagtung to her husband at the supper table the other evening. "I never go out without running across Mrs. Smythe. I met her this afternoon, and Monday I met her at the Art Club Exhibition. And then there is Mrs. Jaynes. How that woman finds time to go out so much is a mystery to me. I met her Tuesday at Professor Smart's lecture, and again on Wednesday at a bargain sale of Ketchum and Cheetum.

"And when it comes to Mrs. Bright, why I don't believe that that woman makes any pretence of ever staying at home. I met her Thursday at Mrs. Brigham's when I was out calling, and she was the first person I saw that I knew at the flower show Friday afternoon, and I dare say that I'll see her at the matinée Saturday afternoon.

"You can thank your lucky stars, George Wagtung, that you have a wife who isn't given to gadding eternally, or I don't know what would become of your domestic affairs. How some women can be on the go as they are is a mystery to me, isn't it to you?"

And George said that it was, but he thought some things that he was too wise to say.

PEARSON'S

FREE FORTNIGHT IN PARIS.

EVERY fortnight we pick out some trade or business and give our free trip to that lucky individual who happens to be chosen by our readers as the most popular amongst them.

This week's offer is to

PLUMBERS AND CARPENTERS,

who are not earning more than four pounds a week.

Collect voting papers from your friends, or get them to send them to us on your behalf. If you are a popular person no doubt your friends will, in some cases, send in unknown to you. Therefore do not be afraid to send to us what appears to be an insignificant number of votes. You may vote for yourself, of course.

The person who receives the greatest number of votes will be the winner, even if we only receive half-a-dozen in his favour.

In the case of a tie both will be sent to Paris. The only condition we attach to this offer is that the lucky individual shall send us a report upon his return, saying what his impressions have been, and what he has learnt in his own particular business that he did not know before.

Every other week we shall make this offer to the members of some particular business or industry.

The Pearson Tourist will not be put to one pennyworth of personal expense. We will pay all travelling expenses (second class) from home to home, even from the north of Scotland, or from Land's End. We will also pay all hotel bills.

An interpreter, in whom we have every confidence, will meet each Pearsonite in Paris, and, if necessary, be absolutely at his disposal whenever wanted.

We do not bind the winner to go at any stated time. He can suit his own convenience entirely.

GOOD ADVICE WORTH REMEMBERING.

Don't waste the voting paper appearing to-day. Please see if there is not someone who wants it.

If you want to know anything, send us a reply post-card, and we will give you an answer by return of post.

The Editor's decision must be final. He will admit of no discussion once he has made an award.

Closing Day: Monday, July 2nd.

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FREE FORTNIGHT

in Paris.

PLUMBERS AND CARPENTERS. No. 1.

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Fill this coupon in to-day, and post it to us.

Next week will be the last offer to Plumbers and Carpenters.

A splendid new serial starts in SHORT STORIES this week. Be sure to read it.

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

THE CAPTURE OF COLONEL FORSTER.

FACE TO FACE WITH MERCIER.

TOM PRATT PIERCES THE ALLIES' LINES.

CHAPTER XIX.

COLONEL FORSTER CAPTURED

AFTER the crushing defeat inflicted upon the invaders during the series of battles fought in the neighbourhood of Caistor and Chesterfield there was a marked pause in the operations on both sides. The Allies were perfecting their defensive works in the heavy country surrounding the Peak and the British were gathering up their forces for the serious task that yet remained to be performed.

It was a mere waste of energy to attempt a series of isolated attacks upon the enemy's position, and, at a meeting between the Duke of Connaught, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Richard Harrison and Major General Thynne, held at Bakewell—now the headquarters of the Western Army—it was decided to await the arrival of heavy ordnance from Woolwich, supplemented by quick-firing guns temporarily drawn from such warships as could spare them, before a determined attempt was made to force a way into the fastnesses held by the Allies.

During this comparatively quiet interval, Colonel Forster and Captain Hamilton met at Bakewell where they managed to obtain an evening mutually free from staff duties, thus enabling them to dine together and exchange experiences of the eventful period which elapsed since they had parted on the platform at Euston Station.

Tom Pratt was, as usual, in close attendance upon the Colonel, from whom he was now practically inseparable; and Bobby Hamilton heard at first hand the fascinating story of their adventures at Birkenhead, at New Mills, and at Manchester.

By this time the boy had gained much in appearance and manner. He was now a well-dressed and handsome lad, and his daily intercourse with Army officers—for he was a prime favourite with all who knew him—had done much to tone down his exuberance of speech and polish the rough corners acquired from the associations of his earlier years.

He still retained, however, his marvellous repertoire of music-hall songs. He was a source of delight to subalterns and of secret terror to his patron when at times he brought out some peculiarly *à propos* verse in the presence of a distinguished but perhaps crotchety major-general.

His quotations had the merit of being apt to the occasion but they were at times couched in words more forcible than polite.

Thus, when a distinguished Scottish commander was openly expressing his annoyance that a brigade of Highland volunteers had been detailed for the wearisome duty of guarding the lines of communication, he forgot himself so far as to say that the Highland Regiments should always be retained to stiffen the fighting line.

One of the other officers present would certainly have resented his words had not Tom Pratt come to the rescue with a chorus:

> Bonnie Scotland has reason to boast of the fact
> That she's never been conquered though often attacked.
> There was never a regiment could beat the Black Watch
> Nor a harmonic tonic like good Special Scotch.

As the commander in question was noted for his belief in the national spirit, in every sense of the word, his indignant protest against "an urchin" being permitted to join in the conversation was drowned in an outburst of laughter.

The incident occurred in the village school-room which had been converted into a club. It happened that whilst the worthy old Scotsman was still blustering, a Highland soldier walked down the road with a nursemaid who was wheeling a perambulator containing one of the few babies left in Bakewell.

Tom Pratt seized the opportunity.

He sang:

> Mary Jane—she's awfully hard to please,
> She really can't make up her mind, you know,
> Which regiment to marry into—what ho!
> Horse Guards blue—Lancers too—she's put them to the test,
> But now she knows that soldiers with the kilts on are the best.
>
> Oh, the nursemaid—she knows her little book;
> Modestly wheeling along the pram,
> Looks such an innocent, simple lamb.
> All the soldiers take her for a walk—
> It's a jolly good job for Mary Jane the kid can't talk.

From that day forth the chief of the particular Highland Brigade in question avoided Tom Pratt as he would—well, neat water.

During the course of conversation that evening, Bobby Hamilton said:

"I suppose, some time or other, if we two live, we shall hear the true history of events after General Mercier discovered his loss."

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"Yes," said Forster, with a laugh, "I am a fairly good French scholar myself, but if I only had an accurate record of his remarks late that night when he went to his room and found that, not only the *dossier*, but also the whole of his private documents and portable wealth had been purloined, I would have a fine collection of phrases for use on the next occasion that a Paris cabman tries to overcharge me."

"What sort of thing was this *dossier*? I should like to see it," said Captain Hamilton.

"I will show it to you. Several copies have now been made by the authorities. Indeed, not only the little book itself, but all the other memoranda were copied in London, and then the whole lot was returned to me, as a kind of tribute I suppose, to the fact that Tom Pratt and myself were the rightful custodians thereof. Tom, go up to my room, and bring down the smallest dispatch box you'll find there."

Tom Pratt obeyed, and soon the two officers were examining the contents of the box which Colonel Forster had devoted to the exclusive purpose of safe-guarding Mercier's papers.

They pored over the *dossier* for some time, and then turned to a scrutiny of the other papers. Some of these were so remarkable in their nature that even Bobbie Hamilton, who did not pretend to pay close attention to Continental affairs, whistled more than once in a manner expressive of his amazement when he learnt their character.

"It seems to me," he said at last, "that Mercier would give more for these outside documents than for the *dossier* itself. There is no wonder he made such a desperate attempt, by means of his agents, to get them back out of your hands."

"Yes," said Forster, "and he would have succeeded, too, had it not been for my little friend here."

"Don't believe him, sir," said Tom Pratt. "The Colonel always makes out that I am something wonderful, whereas it was he who shot the whole three chaps in the railway carriage and I only managed to nearly break my neck."

After some further conversation, the box and its contents were safely stowed away. Colonel Forster was about to light a fresh cigar, when an orderly dashed up to the hotel with an urgent summons that he should at once repair to Sir Henry Brackenbury's head-quarters.

He quitted the room, and half an hour later came a message from him to Tom Pratt, asking him to pack up some necessary articles into a small valise, and hand it to the bearer.

Further news from the Colonel Tom Pratt had none until the following afternoon, when he learnt that a reconnaissance conducted by a strong force of cavalry and guns had been ordered to proceed that morning in the direction of Edale, and that Colonel Forster had accompanied the expedition as chief of the Intelligence Department.

Later in the day the squadrons returned, and soon the unwelcome news spread that the force had been ambuscaded, with the result that it had sustained a heavy casualty list and lost two guns. Among the missing were Colonel Forster.

Tom Pratt was at first stunned by these tidings. If his kind friend and protector were not already dead, he would assuredly be recognised and shot if brought as a prisoner to the headquarters of the Allies.

His first thought was to communicate with Captain Hamilton, but the Guardsman was equally quick to perceive the terrible probabilities of the position and quite as powerless to suggest any reasonable course of action. Consequently Tom Pratt was thrown again upon his own resources, and it was seldom indeed that they failed him.

His first endeavour was to find out what had actually happened to Colonel Forster. By mixing with the returned troops, he ascertained that the last seen of him was during a desperate rush made by the enemy's cavalry when the British force had commenced its retirement. The guns were retreating along the narrow road which led from Edale Station to Peak Forest, and a melinite shell had unfortunately happened to hit the leading gun, with the result that the carriage was smashed and several horses killed.

This mishap caused a momentary stoppage, and the Allies' cavalry took advantage of the incident to envelop the battery with a cloud of lancers and mounted infantry.

The British cavalry escort charged back to the assistance of their comrades, and a fierce *mêlée* at once took place, during which four guns were extricated and enabled to gallop ahead in safety.

Reinforcements were, however, reaching the enemy in such numbers that there was nothing for it but to retreat in as good order as possible, and when the troops had regained some semblance of order a series of smart volleys by a couple of dismounted squadrons, aided by some splendid practice with shrapnel, effectually checked further pursuit by the Allies.

Colonel Forster had been seen during the hand-to-hand fight but not afterwards.

"Then," said Tom Pratt to the troop sergeant-major who gave him this information, "if he was killed or wounded he must still be there."

"Yes," said the soldier, drooping his head, for this sad verdict applied to many of his own comrades. "That is so. Of course, it was impossible to attempt any aid to the wounded, and I fear they will be in a desperate case unless they are found to-night by some of the country people, as the villagers round there have not yet deserted their houses."

"How far is the place from here?" said the boy.

"About sixteen miles."

"Is the road easy to find?"

"Why, yes. It leads straight from this very place until you reach the cross-road from Edale to Peak Forest. But why do you ask?"

"Never mind," said Tom. "How far do the British outposts extend?"

"Oh, something like five miles from here."

Thus far, at least, the position was definite, and Tom Pratt resolved forthwith to visit the scene of the disaster.

By the good offices of Captain Hamilton he was supplied with a horse and the necessary permit to go beyond the British lines, and he rode forth from Bakewell shortly after three o'clock.

In less than an hour he had passed the outposts, and he pushed steadily ahead through the deserted country until he reached the cross-road spoken of by the soldier. He then turned to the right, guided by a sign post that informed him that Edale station was distant two miles.

Nestling amidst some trees in the hollow in front were a few cottages, a chapel and a couple of farmhouses, and in one of these latter he caught sight of a man who was apparently paying a furtive visit to his home. The sight of a boy on horseback was not a very terrifying apparition, yet the stranger seemed to be extremely unwilling to allow him to come too near until Tom Pratt's unmistakable accents assured him of his nationality. The farmer not only gave him particulars as to the exact locality in which the fight took place, but volunteered to accompany him in his search.

"A few folks from the village," said the man, "have already gone there with a couple of hand carts and some straw to see if they can do owt for t' poor chaps who be still living."

They soon reached the spot where a dismounted gun and some broken wheels showed the place where the battery had first been checked in its retreat, and about the neighbouring fields were scattered a considerable number of corpses and dead or dying horses. The party of the villagers already mentioned had gathered nearly a dozen wounded soldiers by the side of the road, and to some of those who were able to answer his questions Tom Pratt addressed an inquiry as to whether or not they knew Colonel Forster.

One man said he had seen the Colonel unhorsed. He believed that the animal had been shot, and that the Colonel had been rendered insensible by a heavy fall on the road. He could not, of course, be certain of this, but he was positive that the Colonel had met his mishap in the roadway, and not in the surrounding pasture land.

"How far from here is the place where he fell, do you think?" said Tom Pratt.

"Just a bit ahead," said the soldier. "Not more than a hundred yards."

The boy ran off in the direction indicated and eagerly scrutinised every inanimate form he encountered. Here the fray had been fast and furious, and to render his sorrowful undertaking more definite he was compelled to turn many a poor face upwards in the endeavour to identify its owner.

Under ordinary conditions the Colonel's uniform would have been some guide, but as it was he left nothing to chance. Soon he had traversed much more than the distance described by the wounded soldier without being successful in his search.

After thoroughly examining the road for nearly three hundred yards, he came across further groups of dead men and horses, but he quickly perceived that these were all foreigners and were evidently the casualties sustained by the Allies during the stand made by the British force after the first surprise and the loss of the two guns.

Colonel Forster was not there. To make assurance doubly sure he returned to the villagers, secured the help of his new acquaintance, and began his quest anew, this time scouring the fields on both sides of the road. At last, when hours had passed, he came to the conclusion that Colonel Forster was a prisoner, and he returned to the village. There for a time we must leave him.

The account of the affair given by the troops was substantially accurate.

Colonel Forster, who at the moment of the mishap, was in a position of comparative safety, had galloped back with other officers to assist in extricating the guns, and it was quite true that his horse had been shot through the head, with the result that, in falling, the animal had thrown his rider severely on to the hard road. The Colonel had sustained a slight concussion and was rendered insensible for some minutes.

Under the circumstances, he might have passed unnoticed and subsequently effected his escape when the Allied cavalry disappeared, were it not for the unfortunate coincidence that the troop of Bavarian Lancers with whom he had associated during his residence in the Allied camp, formed a portion of the force launched from the Edale Valley in the attempt to capture or destroy the reconnaissance party.

One of these men recognised Forster as he lay bare-headed in the road-way. Although not acquainted with the exact facts concerning the mysterious interest attached to his former mess-mate by the French staff, the German knew that he was in much request by various members thereof.

Finding that the Colonel was not dead, the man called the aid of two other troopers, lifted the inanimate form on to a horse and brought him as a prisoner within the Allied lines.

It was not the custom or desire of the invaders to take prisoners if such a procedure could by any means be avoided; but the Bavarian explained his action to an officer who questioned him on the point and satisfied his superior that a capture of some importance had been made.

When Forster regained his senses he found himself in the bar-room of a small inn at Edale, and so soon as his scattered wits had resumed their normal functions he fully understood the terrible misadventure which had befallen him.

Indeed, he recognised the three men told off to guard him, and their scowling demeanour showed that they knew he was the spy who had so completely hoodwinked both their commander and themselves at the outset of the campaign.

He was given some food, however, and then placed again on a horse, which his captors led at a walk up the valley and along the road to Hayfield.

They reached this latter village about six o'clock, and halted in front of the George Inn, over which flew a tri-colour. Forster realised that he had been brought to General Mercier's head-quarters.

"A penny is the price of it. There's lots of good advice in it." Don't forget, Saturday is the day for HOME NOTES.

He was told to dismount, and the men, after explaining something in a low voice to a sentry at the door, led him into a small room on the right of a central passage.

Through the half opened door of the room on the left of this passage he caught a glimpse of a number of French staff-officers. One of these, on receiving some message from the lancers, came into the compartment where Forster had seated himself, being still dizzy and weak from the effect of the tremendous blow he had received, and surveyed him curiously in silence.

The officer gave instructions that he should be strictly guarded and asked Forster himself if he wished for any refreshment. Knowing that he was about to undergo a trying ordeal, the Colonel asked if some wine or brandy were procurable. Whereupon, the officer left him and sent an orderly back with a bottle of claret.

A couple of glasses of the wine somewhat restored the Englishman's shattered nerves. He resolved that, come what might, he would face the enemy with a bold front.

He fully expected to be shot or perhaps hanged within the hour; and he crushed down the bitter thought that fortune had deserted him at the very moment when she appeared to smile most favourably.

To die at the head of his countrymen, fighting bravely in the field of defence of all that he held dear, would have been a glorious and fitting end to his life, but to be executed as a spy amidst the jeers of the enemies of England was a ghastly sequel to the honours and preferment which had been bestowed upon him during the past three weeks.

Nevertheless, he braced himself up to meet the inevitable end without flinching.

"It is the fortune of war," he said to himself, "and I have at any rate the consolation of knowing that my name will not soon be forgotten, for I have rendered a service to my country, the full extent of which can only be measured when this campaign has concluded."

So it was with an almost cheerful nonchalance that he asked one of his guards for a cigarette, and the man gave it to him with a slight touch of admiration in his face, for he well knew that the prisoner could not fail to be aware of the fate which threatened him.

Soon there was a commotion in the opposite room. The door opened and General Mercier entered. If a glance could have slain a human being, Colonel Forster must have died that instant.

The Frenchman positively glared at him; then, with a hasty gesture, he motioned to the lancers to leave the room, he himself closing the door behind them.

"So," he said speaking in English, "we have caught you—*spy!*" uttering the last word with indescribable venom.

Forster smiled complacently as he answered:

"I caught you first, General."

"Do you know what we will do to you?" hissed the Frenchman. "We will hang you, and then I shall do myself the pleasure of emptying a revolver at your miserable carcase."

"I should have thought that a brave man would reserve such delicate attentions for an armed foe," was the quiet response.

"Ah! so you are not afraid. I could not expect that you would exhibit fear. You are, I suppose, a man of courage, or you would not have dared to rob me in the midst of my army. You stole even my money."

"That was an accident," said the Colonel. "Your money has been safely lodged with the manager of the National Provincial Bank of England at Manchester, and will be returned to you when hostilities have ceased—if you should happen to survive."

The prisoner's calm demeanour seemed to irritate the Frenchman almost beyond endurance.

"I care not for the money," he screamed. "My papers! Where are my papers?"

"In safe custody."

Mercier paced up and down the room for a full minute crunching his teeth in impotent rage. At last he halted, and facing suddenly towards the Englishman, he said:

"Look you, I will make a bargain with you. If you return me my papers, I will let you go free."

"You forget," said Forster, "that even if I were willing to agree to your terms, I am powerless to do so. I have not got the papers."

"Where are they?" demanded the Frenchman.

Forster did not know what hidden motive might prompt the question, so he calmly replied:

"I cannot tell you."

Again the Frenchman burst forth violently:

"Do you not understand? I can torture you, I can starve you to death. I can render the few remaining hours of your life terrible beyond words."

Forster's contempt for the man deepened as he heard these vile threats, and, for an instant, he thought of throwing himself upon the puny form of the French Commander-in-Chief, and crushing the reptile life out of him before his myrmidons could come to his assistance.

"You are wasting time," he said at last. "It is unfortunately within your power to order me to instant execution, or, in your own despicable words 'to torture me slowly to death.' But realise this—I shall be avenged—most fully and thoroughly avenged. I did not intend to steal your private papers. I only meant to secure the *dossier* which revealed the full extent of the infamous plot your country concocted with Germany for the subjugation of Britain; but your personal documents happened to fall into my hands, and their contents will unquestionably be made known to the whole world if you dare to treat me otherwise than as a prisoner of war."

"But, on your own confession, you are a spy," roared the other. "By the laws of all nations I am entitled to hang you on that account if on no other."

The Englishman thought he detected a sign of weakness in this exclamation, and resolved to make the most of it.

"I can only repeat," he said, "that if you take my life by whatever means, your infamy cannot fail to become known. Every proof of your conspiracies against your own country lies in the hands of the British authorities, and they will unquestionably exercise their right of retaliation by spreading broadcast the information which your enemies in France would so dearly love to obtain. As you will see, General Mercier, your troubles will not end with my death. They will rather commence that instant, more particularly if, as I imagine, you have up to this moment concealed the loss of even the *dossier* itself from your German confederates."

This shaft went home. Mercier's silent rage showed that the suspicion was justified. He had not dared to make known to Von Meissenhofen the disappearance of the precious plan of campaign, and he was in abject terror of the ridicule—most powerful of weapons against a Frenchman—which would overwhelm him when the whole truth became known, and his German Allies realised that to his negligence was due the probable collapse of their daring attempt to destroy England.

With a desperate effort, he succeeded in calming himself to some extent, and he even forced his features into a fearful and wonderful attempt at a smile, as he said:

"Come now, you are a brave man. After all, life is worth living. I suppose you have gained promotion by your services. Why not restore the documents to me? I pledge you my word that you shall be sent under escort unharmed to your lines."

"But what you suggest is impossible," said Forster. "I am here a prisoner in your hands. How can I obtain these papers, even if I were willing to do so?"

"You can write," cried Mercier eagerly. "A messenger can be sent under a flag of truce. You can communicate the facts to your General. There are a thousand ways, if only you are wishful to save your life."

Forster knew that which Mercier did not know, namely, that every single word of his precious papers already existed in duplicate in the Foreign Office, and there was consequently no valid reason why the originals should not be returned to their owner, as they concerned the Royalists and so-called Nationalist factions in France much more than England. But the strain of this conversation, added to the exhaustion of his accident, was beginning to tell upon him. He required time to think, to carefully review every feature of the dangerous situation in which he had become so unexpectedly involved. He must temporise with Mercier.

"I am ill," he said. "My head pains me. I cannot discuss this matter now. You must allow me to rest. You perhaps do not know that I was to-day rendered insensible by a fall from my horse."

Mercier eagerly fastened upon this sign of yielding. He became almost gracious.

"I shall order that you be well treated," he said, "but you may be quite sure that you will be even more carefully guarded. I will give you until to-morrow. By ten o'clock in the morning you must decide. Do not, however, believe my threats as to starvation. They were ungenerous. They arose from momentary anger. At ten o'clock to-morrow, if you agree to my proposals, you will secure your life and freedom; otherwise you will be hanged as sure as the sun rises."

"Thank you," said Forster, sinking limply into a chair, for he was thoroughly exhausted after the strain of the interview.

Mercier had his hand upon the door-knob to quit the room when a thought struck him. He turned and said:

"By the way, Herr Adolphe Schumann, what is your real name?"

"Colonel Arthur Forster, late of the 16th Lancers, and now chief of the Intelligence Department of the Western Field Force."

"Ha!" said the Frenchman, musingly, "you are a brave man. I wish France could produce soldiers like you."

Forster silently bowed his appreciation of the compliment thus wrung from his enemy. His guards re-entered, and, by the excellence of the fare soon set before him, it became evident that Mercier intended to keep his word.

Until ten o'clock the following morning he would be treated as an honourable hostage. Then—well, he would endeavour to rest and clear his brain. The coming day would bring its own trials.

CHAPTER XX.

Tom Pratt Makes a Bargain.

After his unsuccessful search of the scene of the mishap to the British reconnaissance Tom Pratt did that which was rare indeed for one of his mercurial temperament. He sat down in the kitchen of the farmer who had chiefly assisted him in his mournful task, and thought deeply for some time.

By some inscrutable means this remarkable boy accurately divined the course of events almost as they had happened.

He knew that a prisoner of Colonel Forster's rank would attract some attention. He guessed that the prominent position the Colonel had occupied whilst employed as Herr Adolphe Schumann upon the staff of General Kauptmann—joined to the stir which must have been made after his disappearance on the night that they had broken into Mercier's quarters—would almost certainly ensure his recognition. The rest of the boy's line of reasoning, though devious, was cogent.

He assumed that desperate efforts would be made by the French commander-in-chief to secure the lost documents, and that Forster's life would be in imminent danger whether the *dossier* and its accompanying papers were recovered or not. Thereupon, Tom Pratt made up his mind. Such was his magnetic power that he readily persuaded the man in whose house he had found a temporary resting-place, to mount forthwith upon the horse which had conveyed the boy from Bakewell and ride back there with a note to Captain Hamilton, the contents of which will be divulged later.

Tommy himself set off resolutely towards the enemy's lines, after making a rendezvous with his friend at the farmhouse for six o'clock the following morning precisely. Above all things he impressed upon the man the most absolute secrecy, coupled with implicit obedience to instructions, adding judiciously that the life of the missing officer was of such importance to the British army that his safety would ensure a very handsome reward for all concerned in rescuing him, if this were possible.

The boy himself fell in with the enemy's outposts some little distance beyond Edale station. He was, of course, interrogated, though by reason of his age and diminutive appearance he was far from exciting suspicion. He succeeded in puzzling the first officer before whom he was brought by demanding immediate escort to General Mercier's headquarters, on the ground that he had information to give which would be of the utmost value to that personage.

The German officer, who was not particularly concerned with the affairs of the French commander, sent the youngster, in charge of a Uhlan, to the nearest French post.

Here, by the rare luck which the gods occasionally shower upon weak mortals, practically the first person encountered was the sergeant whom Mercier had detailed to watch Forster's movements during those eventful hours at New Mills.

The man's features were still badly marked by the paving-stone which Tom Pratt had applied to them with such singular skill and force.

For the first few minutes the boy imagined that his enterprise was ruined by the *rencontre*. He naturally assumed that the Frenchman could not fail to connect him with the affair in the garden outside General Mercier's residence which had such disastrous consequences.

But here he was mistaken. The "foller in spats" hadn't the remotest idea of his identity, and no sooner did Tom Pratt note the way in which the man's face lit up with evil curiosity when his errand was described, then forthwith, by a stroke of genius, he remodelled his plan of campaign.

It had been his ill-defined intention to approach General Mercier in person, and trust to luck as to the outcome of any conversation he might succeed in obtaining. He now determined to take the sergeant to some extent into his confidence, and he therefore became more communicative.

So soon as he discovered that the man understood English, he said to him:

"I got to know that General Mercier lost some papers to which he attached great importance. I know where they are now, and if it is made worth my while I can get them for him. I suppose you haven't heard tell of any such thing, have you?"

The other regarded him with surprise, as well he might, for it was a strange thing that a diminutive youth should suddenly force his way into the outposts of the Allied army at a late hour at night and casually blurt forth information which Mercier had been at the utmost pains to keep as secret as possible.

The sergeant looked round suspiciously to ascertain if anyone else had heard what the boy had said. Then he answered:

"What do you know about General Mercier or any missing papers?"

"Never mind," said Tom Pratt, with an air of intense cunning. "It's good enough that I do know, anyhow, and that there's big money in it for anyone who recovers them."

"Listen, boy!" said the Frenchman sternly. "Keep your mouth shut until I get permission to take you myself to the General's quarters. I don't know whether what you say is true or not, but if it is perhaps I may be able to help you."

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAYS HAVE NOW BEGUN.

So sign the Coupon on the front page.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the tram in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

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Read the first instalment of "Einar of the Long Sword," by George C. Wallis, in this week's SHORT STORIES.

HOW WILD ANIMALS DIE.

HUNGER KILLS THEM, EVEN IF THEY ESCAPE THE WHITE MAN'S GUN OR BLACK MAN'S SPEAR.

WHAT becomes of all the dead birds and animals? Some of them, hastened in their exits by gunpowder, go into cooking pots or yield up their feathers for woman's adornment. But how about those who die a natural death? It is the rarest thing to find the bodies of wild animals, except such as have plainly died in conflict or by accident.

In tropical countries the bodies of dead animals rapidly decay, and their smaller bones are devoured by greedy beasts of the pig and hyena types. But the same scarcity of animal remains is noted in the Arctic regions, where decay is almost unknown. Here big beasts like the Siberian mammoth have been "cold-storaged" for many centuries, and actually eaten at the last.

But each succeeding spring does, as might be expected, disclose the skeletons of birds or animals who have died during the year and been buried by the snow. Yet birds swarm by the millions in summer on the Arctic tundra, and seals, reindeer, foxes, walruses, and other land and water animals are there. Nordenskfold notes this strange absence of "self-dead" Polar animals.

Not one did he see, though there were plenty of traces of man's wanton waste of life in creatures dead of gunshot wounds. "The polar bear and the reindeer," he writes, "are found in hundreds; the seal, walrus and white whale in thousands, and birds in millions. These birds must die a 'natural death' in untold numbers. What becomes of their bodies?"

It is strange that on Spitzbergen it is easier to find the vertebra of a gigantic lizard of the Trias than the bones of a seal, walrus, or bird which has met a natural death.

It is probable that animals almost universally hide themselves when they feel the pangs of approaching death. Their chief foe is hunger, coupled with old age.

Distemper kills foxes and wolves as well as domestic dogs and cats. Chills and heart disease count animal as well as human victims.

Tumours, diphtheria and consumption are frequent animal complaints, and anthrax, influenza, glanders and cholera claim their share. Rabies comes in epidemics among wild animals as well as tame ones. It was so common among foxes in 1830 to 1838 in France and Switzerland that fox hunts were organised for the protection of domestic animals.

All this, however, doesn't explain what becomes of the dead animals. Perhaps that will cease to be a mystery when we find out where all the pins and shoe buttons go.

A Husband's Oversight.

THERE is a young man in a Government office who is buying a house on the instalment plan in the suburbs, and his dear little wife lives out there. It is his wont to come in early of a morning, and to go out again by the 5.30 train, when his day's work is done.

A few days ago he met an old friend from Manchester, and, yielding to the entreaties of that old friend, he decided to spend the evening in town. He was so afraid wifie would feel hurt if she knew that he had deliberately planned an evening's good time without counting her in that he manfully resolved to deceive her. Accordingly, as he came away from the office he went to a telegraph office, and sent this message to her:

"Unavoidably detained. Missed 5.30 train. Will be home later."

It was a great deal later when he reached his happy home. Wifie met him at the door, and there was a look in her eye that every married man learns to know and instinctively to dread.

"Did you get my message, precious?" he asked as he kissed her tenderly.

"Yes, dear," she made answer, and when a woman calls her husband "dear" that way, you can cut loose from the meteorological office and prognosticate a few things on your own hook. "Yes, dear, I received your message. Here it is."

There it was, sure enough. It was marked as plain as plain could be. "Received at 4.23." He hadn't thought of that.

JACK: "Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls."

Tom: "Well, that's not exactly a crime."

Jack: "No, that the worst of it. If it were I could go to prison and have some peace."

DYSPEPTIC: "Doctor, do you think that motor-car riding in the country would do me any good?"

Doctor: "If you get one that will run about five miles out and then break down—so that you will have to walk home—it will."

"WOMEN and cats," said the youthful boarder, "are alike."

"Wrong, young man," said the old bachelor. "A woman can't run up a telegraph pole and a cat can't run up a millinery bill."

MACK O'RELL: "Who was that man talking so loud against the rise in paper?"

Luke Warme: "That's Drone. His wife supports him by making paper flowers."

BUSINESS is in a bad way! A stockbroker who had gone to meet Rothschild was relating his adventures to his friend. "Affairs must be in a very bad state indeed," said he. "I have been at Rothschild's. Even they are suffering. On passing a half-open door I saw Madame Rothschild and her daughter. They were playing on the same piano!"

THREE BICYCLES GOING BEGGING.

WE are determined that the FRESH AIR FUND this year shall be a big success; and in order to stimulate interest in this movement, we have arranged with the A.B. Cycle Company to supply at intervals throughout the season bicycles for ladies and gentlemen who justify their claim to them as winners in competitions which will be held from time to time.

COMPETITION No. 1.

A BICYCLE will be given to the person who collects the largest sum of money for the FRESH AIR FUND before June 26th; and every competitor who sends in a pound or more will receive a gold-plated pencil-case.

Collecting lists will be sent on application.

All amounts must reach this office not later than June 26th, in envelopes marked "Bicycle."

COMPETITION No. 2.

IN this competition a bicycle is offered to the person who makes the best sentence, each word of which begins with the letters P—O—V—E—R—T—Y respectively.

At least three penny stamps must be inclosed with each attempt, and all the money received will go to swell the FRESH AIR FUND. Envelopes to be marked "Poverty."

This competition closes Monday next, June 18th.

COMPETITION No. 3.

A BICYCLE is offered to the reader who makes the cleverest anagram out of the sentence THE LATE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

With each attempt must be inclosed at least three penny stamps—more if you can afford it. All money received will be placed to the credit of the FRESH AIR FUND.

All attempts must reach this office in envelopes marked "Africa" by Monday, July 9th.

The Editor's decision is final, and all competitors must enter on that understanding.

Are You Too Fat?

SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer heat, with the out-door enjoyments which come in its train, is a source of unmixed delight to all whose physical condition is sound. The full feast of pleasure to which hospitable Nature at this season invites mankind is not, however, for those whose infirmities forbid them to undergo, without serious discomfort, a considerable amount of bodily fatigue. To those in particular who are the victims of excessive corpulence, the arrival of the genial summer warmth serves chiefly as a painful reminder that, for them, the delights of long woodland rambles, the climbing of mountain tops, and all the adventurous ways of flood and field are prohibited joys. The palpitating heart, the reeling brain, and the possible deadly sunstroke, which are the concomitants of obesity, banish all the pleasant anticipations which once came with the advent of the glad summertide. How much of this deprivation of enjoyment and positive misery is absolutely and easily avoidable may be learned by consulting Mr. F. Cecil Russell's 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), a little work whose popularity is proved by the fact that its eighteenth edition has been issued. This fact, too, indicates, in some degree, the wide area now covered by Mr. Russell's wonderful success as an expert in the reduction of excessive fat. His process, which is absolutely safe and pleasant, is so rapid in its operation, that any over-corpulent lady or gentleman can easily get rid of all unnecessary weight in a few weeks, so as to be able, before the autumn is with us, to enjoy the delightful feeling (and the appearance too) of renewed youth and energy. Mr. Russell makes no mystery of the nature of his curative preparation—apparently miraculous as are its effects in simultaneously reducing weight and increasing appetite—the consequently larger amount of food being consumed with impunity. He prints, therefore, his recipe in his singularly suggestive book, which may be obtained, post free, by sending three penny stamps to his offices, Woburn House, 27 Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Gloucester Standard.*

FREE.—SPECIAL OFFER.—FREE.

To all Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" suffering from Obesity.

Mr. Russell will be pleased to forward, post free, a copy of his book, "CORPULENCY AND THE CURE," 256 pages, in a sealed plain envelope to all applicants forwarding 3d. in stamps to Woburn House, 27 Store Street, London, W.C.

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL.

The publication of the following Testimonial demands an explanation, having regard to the practice—which I have consistently followed, and to which I shall strictly adhere in the future—of keeping private the names and addresses of correspondents who consult me with regard to corpulency. In this special case there are ample reasons for making this single exception to the rule. The letter speaks for itself. It is, in the language of the day, a "record" in the history of the cure of obesity. That a gentleman—the more particularly because he lives in a tropically hot region such as Brazil is—should have achieved successful results by the use of my preparation in a hundred cases, constitutes an epoch in the annals of this department of pathology. Mr. Upton's enthusiasm in the cause of reducing corpulency is, doubtless, explained by his own satisfactory experience in undergoing my treatment; but, all the same, his missionary zeal in the cause of anti-corpulency is something of which I am naturally proud. That this gentleman is conscious of the beneficent potency of the preparation in the case of persons who suffer from heat, through their obesity, is evident from the fact that he not only *authorises*, but *suggests* the publication of his letter, *urbi et orbi*.

F. C. RUSSELL.

F. UPTON.
CAIXA DO CORREIO, 34,
S. PAULO
(BRAZIL).
Telegrammes: UPTON—S. Paulo.
Codigos Telegraphicos
A. B. C. 4th (Edition)
A. 1
De W. CLAUSON—THUE.

S. Paulo.

F. C. Russell, Esq.,
Woburn House, Store Street,
Bedford Square, London.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your esteemed favour 3rd ultimo, contents of which has had my careful attention.

I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I have over 100 persons here under your treatment, and without one single exception all with most satisfactory results, for I take an interest in the business, and have been most careful in exacting the regime you prescribe, which I have had translated and printed, besides the good information I can afford from my personal experience, and by the complete cure I obtained by your treatment I cannot conceive how anybody can be the willing bearer of a burden of fat, having so efficacious and easy a cure as can be effected by the use of a few bottles of your anti-corpulent preparation.

I remain, yours truly,
F. UPTON.

A SLANDER ON FAT PEOPLE.

OBESITY IS NOT THE RESULT OF GLUTTONY.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF "RUSSELL'S" EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers, who have an opportunity of judging, inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to indicate that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had by sending three penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly, and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition, to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.—*Bicester Herald.*

FREE.—SPECIAL OFFER.—FREE.

To all Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" suffering from Obesity.

Mr. Russell will be pleased to forward, post free, a copy of his book, "CORPULENCY AND THE CURE," 256 pages, in a sealed plain envelope, to all applicants forwarding 3d. in stamps to Woburn House, 27 Store Street, London, W.C.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

Make Iron-holders of old pieces of leather, lined with housefiannel and bound with stout braid. In this way old boot tops may often be utilised, especially those of brown leather.

Larder Windows as summer advances are apt to become covered with flies. To stop this pest at once is best, so directly they appear, sponge the panes of glass or perforated zinc with a very weak solution of carbolic acid and water.

Your Jams Probably Get Mouldy because there is no air admitted to your store cupboard, or that it is too damp. I have had no trouble about keeping my preserves since I realised that they needed a little air. (*Reply to* LENNIE.)

Stains on Linen may be removed by rubbing it on both sides with yellow soap, slightly moistened, and then laying on a thick paste of starch and water. Rub this in wet, and expose the surface to the sun, if possible on a grass plot. Two or three applications will probably be necessary. (*Reply to* EDIE L. COOKE.)

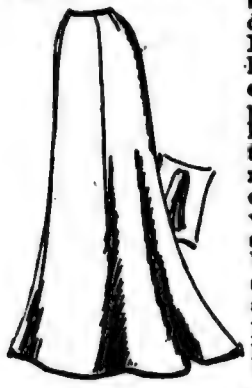
Savoury Jelly. Any amount of remnants of poultry, veal or fish can be cut into small dice, mixed with quarters of hard-boiled eggs and put into moulds, filled up with savoury jelly, which can be made from gelatine dissolved in well-flavoured stock as if calves' feet. Instead of the above, a pint of picked shrimps may be used.

Welsh Cheesecake. Line the edges of a pie-dish with light pastry, ornamenting it with leaves or overlapping circles of thin pastry, half fill the inside of the dish with stewed fruit which has been cooked with very little water. Take two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar and flour; make all into a batter by thoroughly beating. Spread this on the fruit and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes, shake powdered sugar over, and serve.

To Wash Chintz. Take two pounds of rice and boil it in two gallons of water till soft. Then pour all into a tub and let it stand until it becomes about lukewarm. Then put in the chintz and use the rice instead of soap. Wash the chintz until the dirt is out. Then boil the same quantity of rice as above but strain it and mix with clean, warm water. Wash the chintz in this again till quite clean, then rinse in the water strained from the second lot of rice and this will answer the purpose of starch.

Cheese Fritters such as you had at the hotel were, I suspect, prepared as follows: Put about a pint of water into a saucepan, with a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg. Flavour with a little cayenne and made mustard. Directly the water boils dredge in gradually sufficient flour to make a thick paste. Then take it off the fire and work into it about a quarter of a pound of grated cheese, Parmesan if possible, and the yolks of three eggs, with the whites of two beaten to a very stiff froth. Let the paste stand for two or three hours, and fry it by dropping pieces of it into plenty of boiling clarified fat. Drain very dry. Serve with plenty of Parmesan sprinkled over and some very fine salt. (*Reply to* VALUABLE.)

You Will Want One. It is false economy to omit to provide oneself with a washing skirt for summer wear; if you wear a dark skirt it not only shows every trace of dust but holds it in a way that defies any amount of brushing. Linen, duck, piqué, drill—and khaki, too, if you've not tired of it—are all excellent for this purpose. It is unnecessary to line a skirt of this kind, but the bottom must be hemmed, not faced, for it is almost a certainty that, after a few visits to the wash-tub, that skirt will have to be lengthened by means of the hem. The seams should be neatly bound at the edges, after having been pressed flat. Now that box-pleated skirts are the mode, unless the home-laundress be skilled, she will find it easiest to take the pleat out of the band, replacing it after the skirt is starched and ironed. And, just a last hint, be sure and iron your skirt with the grain of the material instead of against it, or it will stretch out of shape. The excellent pattern shown above is given away with HOME NOTES this week—one penny, as usual.



Cucumber is excellent if well floured, and fried a light brown.

To Remove Old Paint and Varnish from woodwork, apply an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up in a bottle with one part of turpentine.

A Simple Nightdress Pattern can be supplied you of our own design if you send 6½d. and your full address. These patterns are exceedingly well cut, and will, I am sure, give you great satisfaction. (*Reply to* F. W., Cardiff.)

Green Butter Sandwiches are very nice and the same mixture may be made into balls as a pretty breakfast dish. Take some fresh watercress and pick all the leaves off the stalks, chop them finely and then dry in a cloth and add to fresh butter until it becomes a bright green colour. Season with pepper and salt and spread on white bread and butter.

To Clean Engravings or Prints. Lay the picture on a perfectly smooth board. Dissolve some finely powdered salt with lemon juice. Cover the picture with it. Pour boiling water over the engraving to cleanse it quickly. Place the engraving (on its board) in a shady spot in the open air to dry. Do not dry the picture by the fire or in the sun as it will turn a yellow colour. (*Reply to* MANAIME.)

To Prepare a Good Salad. Get a nice close lettuce, tear the leaves apart and wash it thoroughly. Into the salad bowl put three tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, add to it a tablespoonful of vinegar, a little salt, made mustard, and white pepper, stir till all is thoroughly blended. Take a clean cloth, wipe each leaf of the lettuce with it, and tear into pieces. Stir all together, garnish with beetroot and hard-boiled eggs, and serve at once. (*Reply to* VINCENT.)

Loin of Lamb Sauté is a good way of cooking the foreign lamb that one can buy so cheaply in towns nowadays. Wash and wipe the joint carefully, skewer down the flap, lay it in a stew-pan with three ounces of butter, which must be quite dissolved before the meat is put in. Simmer the joint very gently for two hours, turning it constantly until it is done. Lift out when cooked, strain the gravy, colour and thicken it and pour it round the joint. Serve with freshly-boiled young carrots and turnips.

Lemon Marmalade. Take any number of lemons—six make a nice quantity—slice them very thin, only putting out the seeds. To each pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold water; let this stand twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the chips are tender, pour into an earthenware bowl, and allow it to remain till next day. Then weigh it, and to every pound of boiled pulp add one pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil the whole together until the syrup jellies and the chips are rather transparent. In taking out the pips be careful to leave all the white pith in, as that goes towards making syrup. (*Reply to* A. SPILLETT.)

A Ragout of Eggs is a useful dish in hot weather, when it is difficult to keep meat. First chop some onion very finely and fry a teaspoonful in a little butter or clarified dripping, and when the onion is lightly coloured stir in a tablespoonful of flour and mix all together. Then gradually stir in rather less than a tumblerful of milk, and stir till the sauce is smooth and thick; season it with salt, cayenne and a dash of tarragon vinegar. Let it simmer very gently for ten minutes and then strain it. Cut four or five hard boiled eggs into quarters, set in a stew-pan and pour the sauce over, and let all heat through at the side of the fire. Place on a hot dish, scatter chopped parsley over, and round have a border of boiled peas.

Hints on Making Ice Cream. For this purpose the cream must always be highly sweetened and flavoured, as the freezing process deadens both. For good ices have rich sweet cream and half a pound of dissolved loaf sugar for each quart of cream. If you do not wish to use cream make a good boiled custard, flavour it, and freeze. The juice of strawberries or raspberries gives a beautiful colour and flavour to ice cream, or about half an ounce of essence to one gallon or to suit the taste. Have the ice for freezing well broken and add one quart of salt to a bucket of ice. About half an hour's constant turning with occasional scraping down and beating together will freeze the mixture. When making an ice cream with custard, five minutes boiling will be enough and the sugar should be added after the custard has cooled. (*Reply to* A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.)

Isobel

1900. APRIL.						MAY.						JUNE.						JULY.						AUGUST.						SEPTEMBER.						OCTOBER.						NOVEMBER.					
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HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

WHETHER by the time this is in print the public will have rushed into investments and speculation with that enthusiasm that has been so long anticipated, one cannot say. For the moment, at any rate, there seems no such readiness on their part. Although this must mean continued strain on the already much-tried brokers and other Stock Exchange dealers, it is certainly a matter for self-congratulation to the small investor. Whilst business is slack prices remain low, and the small investor has still time to pick and choose under favourable conditions.

AT the beginning of the year, and on one occasion since, Bovril Cumulative Preference and Bovril Preference Ordinary were referred to. Recent inquiries have confirmed the impression that these shares, which are still absurdly cheap, are an excellent investment, though, of course, the Cumulative are the sounder of the two. The company is doing excellent business, and the "inside" people are buying up as many shares as they can lay hold of. Small investors are not advised to buy Bovril Deferred, as, though these are a fair speculation, the fact that they are the last to be considered by the directors in the matter of dividend, prevent their being considered anything but speculative, pure and simple.

EASTMANS LIMITED has had a chequered career; but the debentures may be classed as a fair investment, and yield over 5½ per cent. Estimated on the last dividend the Preference shares yield over 7½ per cent.; but they have proved an uncertain quantity. Still, they are worth consideration by those who do not mind a little risk, for as much as 20 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary shares in past times, and there is a considerable reserve fund.

A CORRESPONDENT asks about Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa Preference shares. These form a remunerative investment, the yield at present price being nearly 6½ per cent.; but they essentially belong to that class into which the whole of one's savings should not be placed. A moderate number may be purchased to mix with absolutely secure but less remunerative investments. J. C. and J. Field Limited Preference return 4½ per cent. at present price, and are a substantial investment. Lyceum Theatre shares, which have also been the subject of questions by small investors, are highly speculative. All theatre shares carry a risk, and the Lyceum owes its position largely to the Irving tradition.

WHILST the public is inclined to look for something quite abnormal in the way of a rise in South African mines, it is well to point out that a considerable part of the advance has already been discounted. Indeed, the more substantial shares may prove what is vulgarly described as a "long shot." But from that point of view they are worth consideration. Boksburgs are a favourite. The Company's property is exceptionally situated, and the shares are held to a considerable extent by two of the most influential Kaffir houses. The better class deep level companies are likely to prove remunerative to the investor. Jumper Deep and Nourse Deep are good examples.

As regards Westralian shares, the condition of the market is dangerous just now, though those who have bought the very few Westralian shares recommended in this column have not much to fear.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

T. L. had better hold Borax Consolidated Pref., but not the others. ——"Puzzled."—(1) Welgedachts and Oceanas may be retained. (2) The Association is unsatisfactory.——E. R. G. should have nothing to do with banks offering 10 per cent. on deposits.——"Kaffir."—Maple Pref. are a fair investment. ——W. M.—Wool Dyers are likely to advance, but do not buy Calico Printers.——H. H. B.—There is no such company registered at Somerset House.——E. J. E.—Have nothing to do with these people. Better employ a respectable member of the Stock Exchange.——A. B.—Do not buy Associateds or London and Globe. Chartereds should be held.——"Cockney."—Linotype Pref. should be held, but not the others.——"Executor."—You can get such a list by applying to your broker, provided he is a respectable member of the Stock Exchange.——A. E. H. (Loughborough).—Hold both the railway shares for the present. We do not recommend the others.——L. D.—We think Wool Dyers may go higher, but you might do better. ——C. O'K.—You had better purchase as soon as possible.——W. T.—Hold all these African shares.——E. B. E.—Had better sell the lot.——G. H.—You can gather a bigger return with safety than through Consols.

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The liver is the largest gland in the body. Its duties are numerous and important, and when through over-eating or other carelessness they are made heavier, the liver is likely to become disordered and diseased. The bile accumulates, poisonous matters get into the blood, the skin becomes sallow and blotched, the spirits depressed, the tongue and breath foul, and the entire system enfeebled and generally run down.

Having a close connection with the other digestive organs, many of the ailments supposed to be due to disorders of the stomach and kidneys are really caused by the liver. In nine out of ten persons, an active liver means a good digestion and sound health, and an inactive liver an imperfect digestion and poor health. Headache, languor, lack of appetite, insomnia, nervousness, pains between the shoulders, craving for stimulants, despondency, and nausea, are all symptoms of liver derangement.

Any sufferers from this derangement who try Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder are soon convinced that no other medicinal preparation affords a more speedy, certain, and pleasant means of relief. Kutnow's Powder remedies by removing the cause. This cause generally consists of impure matters which accumulate in the liver and prevent its proper action.

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(Dept. 78.)

KIMBALL'S

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES.

ALWAYS LET YOUR MAXIM BE,
NOTHING BUT "OLD GOLD" FOR ME.

FINAL FLICKERS.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page.

B. T. sends me a suggestion which, he thinks, would increase the usefulness of station-masters; it is that they should stand on a small bridge over the line, as the captain does on a steamer. They would be able to see and hear everything that goes on and would be easily accessible.——This is not quite a new suggestion, and it is hardly likely to be adopted. You forget that the station-master doesn't always want to see and hear everything; while in stations where the traffic is considerable, the steam would cover him up for several seconds just at the time he was wanted. As to being easily accessible, fancy being obliged to mount a flight of steps every time you wanted to ask that official where you'd lost your ticket, or if there isn't a train before the next. And some people, after having consulted him and being fearful of losing the train, would certainly forget which way they had come up, and would descend to the wrong platform and depart in a train going in the opposite direction. Railway companies do a good business—I should like to be a railway company myself—but if this idea were carried out they would soon cease to exist, for the ordinary worries would be increased beyond endurance.

"A FRIEND and I have been disputing as to whether, if Lord Roberts is made a duke, or is given some other step up in the peerage, he will have to pay the high stamp duty usually charged. I say he ought not, but my friend says there is no exception."——Your friend's statement clashes with that made by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, when he said that in the case of peerages granted for military or naval services the stamp duty was paid by the country.

K. C. wishes me to tell him if there is any truth in the statement that study develops the forehead; and if so, which branch of study proves the assertion.——As the development of certain muscles is brought about by exercise, thus making that particular part of the anatomy larger than before, so exercise of the brain may cause some development of the skull; but this can scarcely be of any importance when the framework is set, as in the case of a full-grown man. Certain studies are known to cause a very rapid development of parts of the head; thus an over-close study of alcohol had been known to cause a very sudden and softening development of the back of the head, but only temporarily.

C. G. R. thinks that his umbrella had a unique experience. He left it in a train that was going to Barnet, and did not notice his loss till he got home. Then he looked in the time-table, found out the time that the train started on its return journey, met it at his own station, and found his umbrella resting quietly on the rack, although there were three men in the carriage.——I had expected to hear that just as he was descending the steps of his dwelling in order to make inquiries, that umbrella came hurrying up the street to reassure its owner. This would have been in accordance with the fitness of things, for everyone knows that umbrellas are very prone to "walk." As this one simply remained where it was placed, I can only suppose that it was too weak in the ribs to do anything else. I shall expect better things of that gamp in future.

J. G. is curious to know the origin of the term "Dutch courage."——It arose from the action of the captain of a Dutch man-of-war during the conflict that raged in the time of Charles II. When about to engage with our ships he set a hogshead of brandy abroach before the mast, and told the men to help themselves; the liquor made them fight with desperate valour. An equivalent for the above expression is "pot valour."

"WHEN were convicts last transported to the Australian continent?" asks R. Q. "Your answer is required to settle what promises to be a sanguinary dispute; two of my friends are at daggers drawn on this point, the one contending that it was in 1864 and the other asserting that it was three years later. If they don't make it up by Saturday, our cricket match will be spoilt; for they declare that they will not play together."——It will mollify your friends to know that both statements are to some extent accurate. The reception of convicts was successfully refused by the Colonies in 1864, but we read of a shipment of convicts—probably the last—to West Australia three years after that date.

"THE other day," writes G. N., "I read that a man had been convicted on a charge of 'bishoping.' What is that?"——It is a trick by which an aged horse is made to appear younger. The age of a horse is told chiefly by the teeth, so the fraudulent seller files or saws the long teeth short, and applies a red-hot iron to the edges in order to make the indentations peculiar to the teeth of young horses. It is a barbarous practice and ought to be put down with a heavy hand.

RESULT OF FREE FORTNIGHT IN PARIS COMPETITION FOR SHOP ASSISTANTS.

THE fortunate winner of this competition is Mr. A. Hindell, 18 Islington, Liverpool, in whose favour by far the greatest number of coupons were received.

"WHY is the seat on which the Lord Chancellor sits in the House of Lords called the Woolsack?" is the question which is puzzling G. K.——The name denotes a bag of wool, the word "sack" meaning merely a bag, in which sense, with slight variations of spelling, our familiar word "sack" is used in most European languages. The Woolsack is a bag or cushion stuffed with wool, and covered with a red cloth. According to some authorities, it is used to commemorate the legislative prohibition of the export of wool, our staple commodity, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but other authorities assert that the Woolsack was in use at a much earlier date, namely, in the reign of Edward III. These differences are enough to make a perplexed editor tear out the small quantity of wool which remains on top of his head.

H. L. S. writes to tell me that one of her servants was recently approached in the street by a person who asked the girl to go down to one of their missionary meetings the first evening she had free. The girl went down, and came back with a quantity of work to do. The work consisted of making little pink, silk-lined satchels for the heathen children to carry their books to school in! H. L. S. asks if it is reasonable to suppose that these goods will ever find their way to the persons for whom they are supposed to be intended, and, if so, what earthly use are pink, silk-lined satchels to heathen children who, perchance, are half-starved and ill-clad?——I am afraid you do not send me sufficient particulars to enable me to judge whether the persons you name are trustworthy. Of course, there are many laudable institutions which endeavour by voluntary assistance to help the little heathen child; but it seems to me that such energy is entirely misdirected when one considers that probably within a stone's throw of the building in which these meetings take place are many little children—not heathens, either—who are ever so much more in want of food and clothes than little heathen children are in want of pink, silk-lined satchels. Moreover, there is unquestionably a considerable amount of iniquity in certain alleged institutions of this sort. The unfortunate servant girls are led to believe that all the energy they expend in making clothes for heathens is for a charitable purpose, whereas, really, the person who induces them to do the work is nothing more nor less than the equivalent of an East-end "sweater," getting the servant girl to work for absolutely nothing, and selling the result of their work at a huge profit.

P. T.—In Germany the thatched roof is disappearing at a more rapid rate than elsewhere, as the law enacts that all new buildings shall have slate roofs. By the way, this innovation is upsetting the habits of the stork, which builds his nest on the thatched roof; the poor bird is casting about for a fresh lodging, and naturalists are much interested in the problem which the stork is trying to solve.

ONE of the trickiest of the numerous problems sent in in response to the urgent appeal of our Mathematical Editor for more work, is the following: There are four men sleeping together—they have with them some nuts in a bag and also a squirrel. During the night one of the men wakes up, divides the nuts into four equal parts, but there is one nut over. He takes to himself one of the four parts and gives the single nut that is over to the squirrel (*i.e.*, if the number of nuts was 101, he would take to himself twenty-five, and give the one to the squirrel). Later, another of the men wakes up, divides the remaining nuts into four equal parts, and again there is one over; he takes to himself one of the four parts and gives the one that is over to the squirrel. Later still, but at different times, the third man and the fourth man wake up—and each divides the then remaining nuts into four parts—each takes to himself one of the four parts, and in each instance there is one nut left over, which in each case is given to the squirrel. Next morning, all four men wake up, divide the remaining nuts into four equal parts, and again there is one over, which is given to the squirrel. Now what can have been the *smallest* number of nuts in the bag when they went to sleep?"——The Mathematical Editor will be occupied for the next few days in solving the thousands of other problems submitted, so I am taking the burden off his shoulders in this case. A solid silver pencil-case will be given for the cleverest and clearest solution of the problem sent in by Monday, June 25th, in envelopes marked "SQUIRREL."

B. M.—Butter, according to historians, was used by the Arabs in very early times; but the Greeks and Romans do not appear to have used it as a food. Roman writers on agriculture allude to butter only in the most incidental way, and there is reason to believe that even in the third and fourth centuries it was used solely as an ointment. We see something of this idea in the term "buttering," as employed to denote making things pleasant for ourselves by flattering other people.

N. H. B. is puzzled. He has it on good authority that the turtle is exceedingly prolific, and yet, as he says, real turtle is almost beyond the reach of the ordinary purse. Why?——There are many reasons for this apparently paradoxical state of affairs. In the first place the natives of the coasts on which the creatures breed have learnt to look upon the eggs as great delicacies, and this highly sensible opinion is shared by their dogs. Between them they work very considerable havoc among the eggs which the mother turtle lays on the beach and leaves it to the sun to hatch. Then, again, the young turtles, if they do manage to leave their shells, are immediately pounced upon by the sea birds, who appreciate turtle just as much as a City alderman. Small wonder, then, that the voice of the turtle was heard to complain. The poor beast isn't given any show, and comparatively few ever reach maturity.

E. E. says, "I have often noticed that a red billiard ball which has been in use for some time always has the colouring rubbed off after the fashion of a band. As the ball is quite round and rolls in all directions, can you explain this seeming mystery?"——If you examine a red billiard ball which has been worn in the manner you mention, you will find that the colouring is worn off that portion which is cut across the grain, and has not absorbed the colouring matter in the same manner as the rest of the ball.

ALTHOUGH subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND have been coming in substantially within the past few weeks, we are still a long way behind the amount received at the corresponding period last year. How can you account for this? We have a sort of idea that the reason lies in the fact that last year you were kind enough to send something towards the FRESH AIR FUND, but that this year you had so many calls upon your pocket in other directions that you don't feel yourself justified in forwarding anything. If this is so, it is a great pity. This laxity doesn't affect you, and it doesn't affect us, but it seriously affects the poor little child who last year revelled for a day in Paradise, and who has been hungrily looking forward to a repetition of untold happiness all through the long, weary months of winter. Imagine, if you can, the pang of bitter disappointment that will shoot through that tiny heart when the discovery is made that because one of the readers of *P.W.* has not sent his ninepence to pay his expenses he is doomed to remain in his gloomy, squalid court day after day throughout the summer, with never a chance to see so much as a blade of grass. If this picture doesn't loosen your purse-strings, you must be a hardened villain—or villainess, as the case may be. Honestly, though, when you come to think of it, ninepence is not such a great amount. It is only the price of a good cigar, or a two-ounce packet of tobacco, or half a pound of mixed chocolates—any of which luxuries might well be dispensed with for a few days. Self-abnegation is a glorious thing, and makes a man feel twice as good after it has been exercised.

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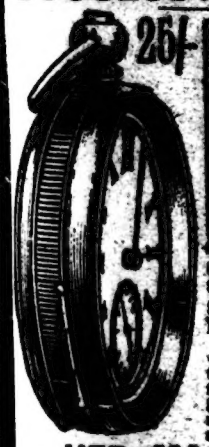

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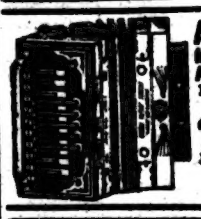

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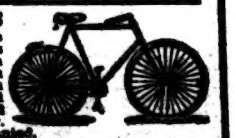

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